No. 2832
Vol. CCXVIII.
APRIL 22, 1953

The Sketch

SPRING NUMBER

2/-

Great stuff this Bass

RED TRIANGLE

Warmth! Welcome! And what pleasure! Bass! A pleasure to see the vintage beer filling your glass with golden bubbling light! A pleasure to taste the brisk tang of subtly blended malt and hops! A pleasure to feel fine full-bodied ale lifting your spirits! That's Bass — greatest of beers, brewed in the great English tradition. Ask for Bass Red Triangle by name — and mind how you pour it.

ISSUED BY BASS, RATCLIFF & GRETTON LIMITED, BURTON-ON-TRENT

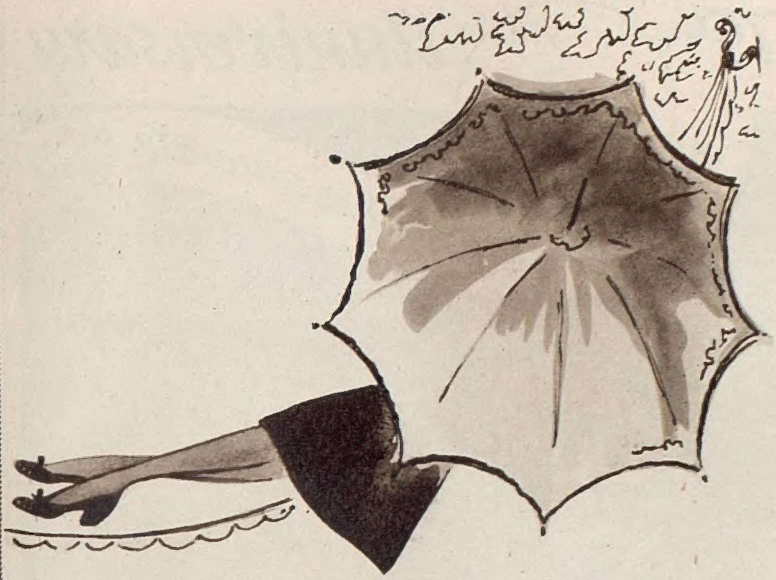
Elmoor

An important coat for an important year . . . glistening grosgrain, tailored with a wonderful, buoyant flare. Wear it from noon to midnight.

In navy, black, frosty-white, pewter grey, gold, leaf and sherry. About £11 . 15 . 0.

From leading fashion stores.

Elmoor 107-113 GREAT PORTLAND ST . LONDON . W.1 . LANGHAM 4611



COQUIN
94/6

LINDETTE
89/6

GAYTIME
89/6

Rayne Casuals

Name for take-it-easy-smartness
Name for take-it-all-before-them

See the colours of the new Rayne Casuals and know that spring will soon be here.

RAYNE
CASUALS

H. & M. Rayne Ltd., 152 Regent Street, W.1.

75th. Anniversary

Specialists in Fine Furs since 1878

A luxurious Stole in Fine Pearl Platina Fox

The Loveliest Furs of All come from the National Fur Company Ltd.

193-195 BROMPTON ROAD
LONDON S.W.3.
Phone: KENsington 4801

Also at:
BIRMINGHAM · CARDIFF · CARMARTHEN · LEICESTER · NEWPORT · SWANSEA

Youthlines '1980'

The so-slimming girdle in marvellous American Leno

An almost boneless girdle as kind to the not-so-slim as it is to the slender! That's what we wanted to make. So we took marvellous American Leno—the coolest, lightest, strongest thing out—and combined it with smooth, stretching satin elastic. Reinforced stitching on the front gives as much support as, but none of the discomfort of, bones.

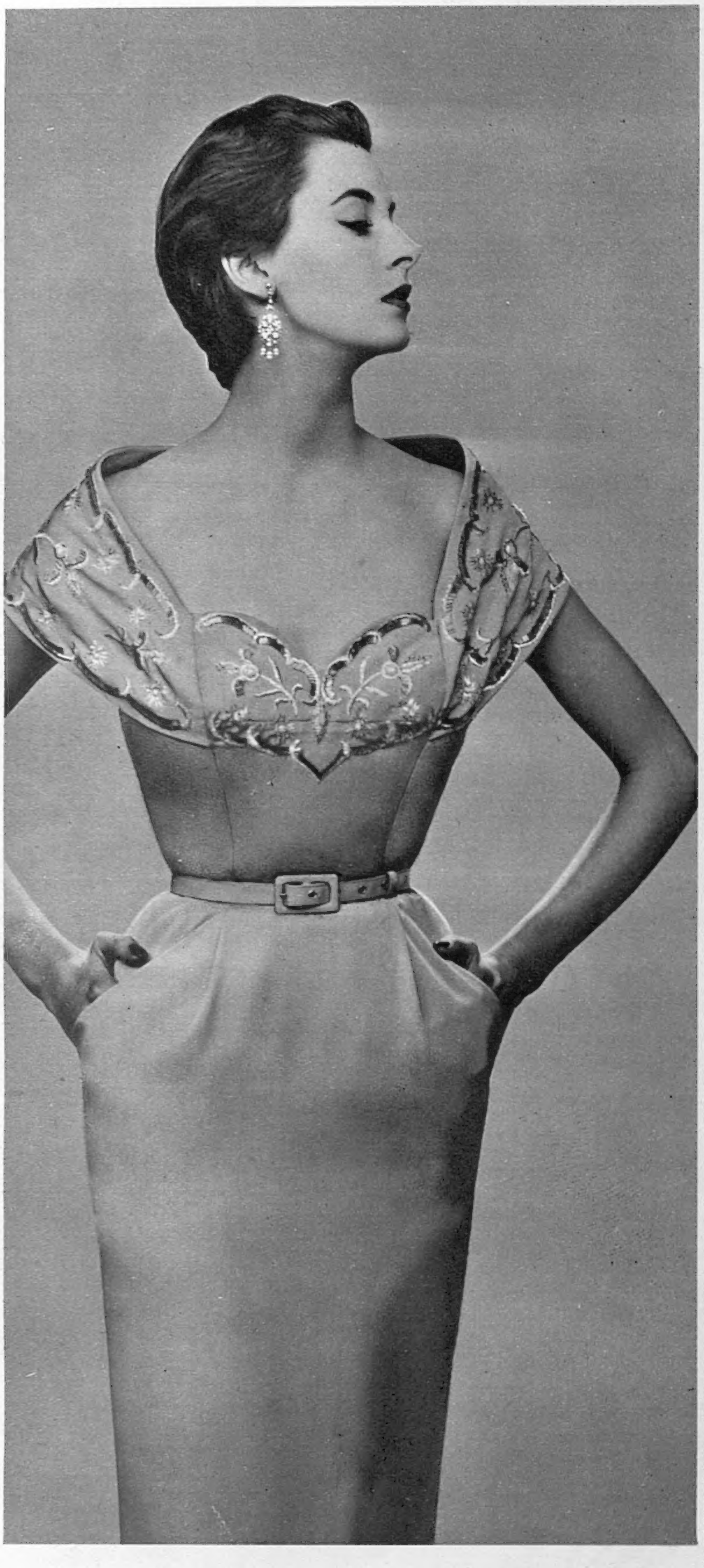
All this makes our '1980' a firmly-caressing above-the-waist girdle, such a flatterer to your figure! In sizes up to 40, available at good shops everywhere.

W. B. LIMITED, MADDOX HOUSE, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1 (Wholesale only)

A CASHMERE
by
Ballantyne
OF PEEBLES

THE BALLANTYNE SPORTSWEAR COMPANY LIMITED, INNERLEITHEN, SCOTLAND

Ballantyne of Peebles Inc., 2 West 45th Street, New York



Model in faille, richly beaded by

Phyllis Taylor

At leading fashion houses; for name of nearest stockist write:—

Phyllis Taylor Ltd., 53 Great Marlborough Street, London, W.1

Pink Perfection

When a perfectionist blends a lost bit of rainbow with imagination and charm, the result is Pink Perfection . . . Elizabeth Arden's wonderful Coronation colour. Wear Duet Lipstick in exotic Pink Perfection combined with Pink Perfection Plus—a deeper hue. Over Basic Sheen Foundation, blend Pink Perfection Cream Rouge. Two shades of Ardena Powder and new Pearly Green Eye Shado complete the perfect Pink Perfection make-up.

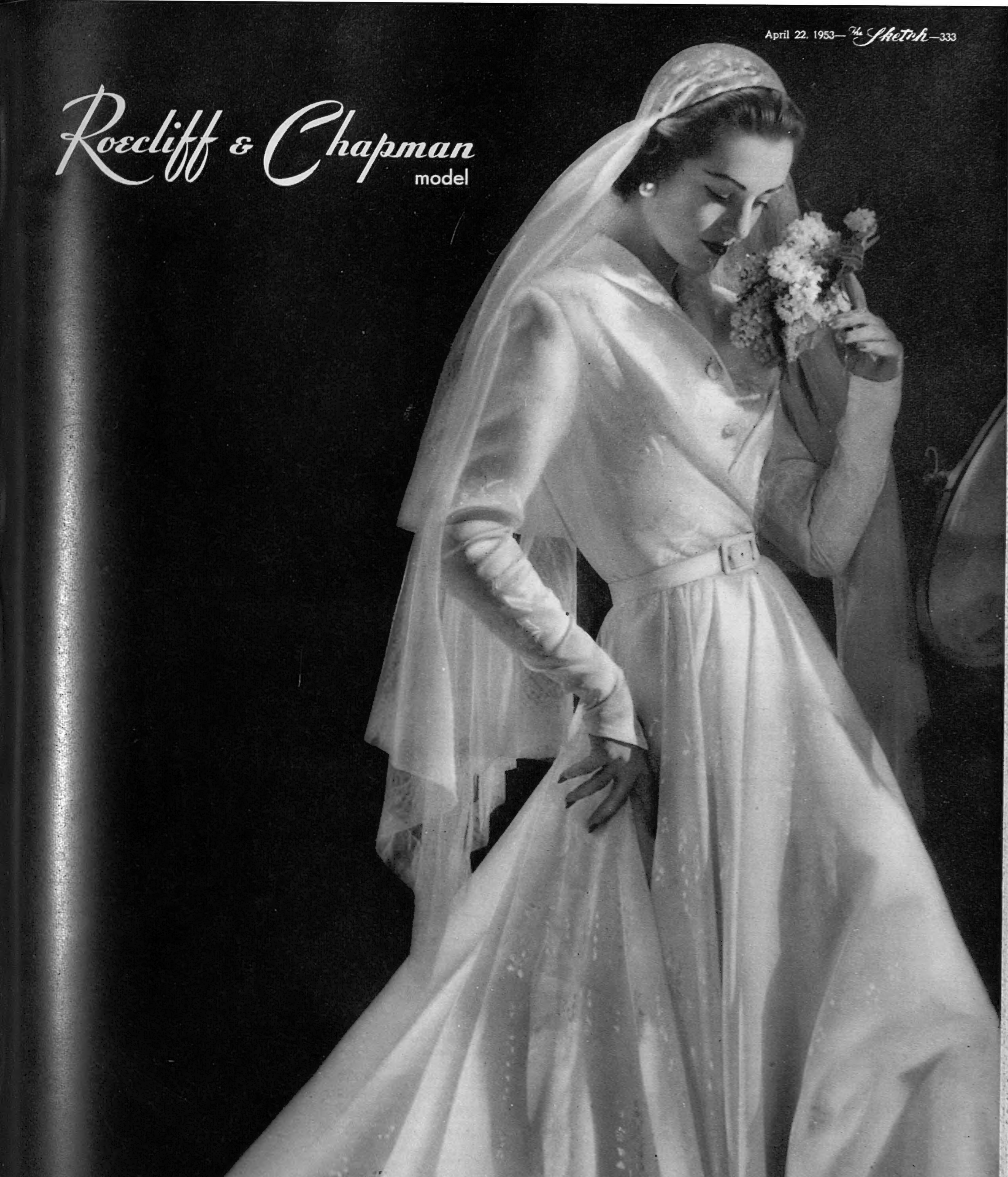
SINGLE GILT LIPSTICK 11/9

DUET LIPSTICK WITH PINK PERFECTION AND PINK PERFECTION PLUS 13/3

Elizabeth Arden

PARIS 25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W.1 NEW YORK

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *



The Pink House Ltd

34 KING STREET PENRITH CUMBERLAND

In Satin façonné

about 12 gns.

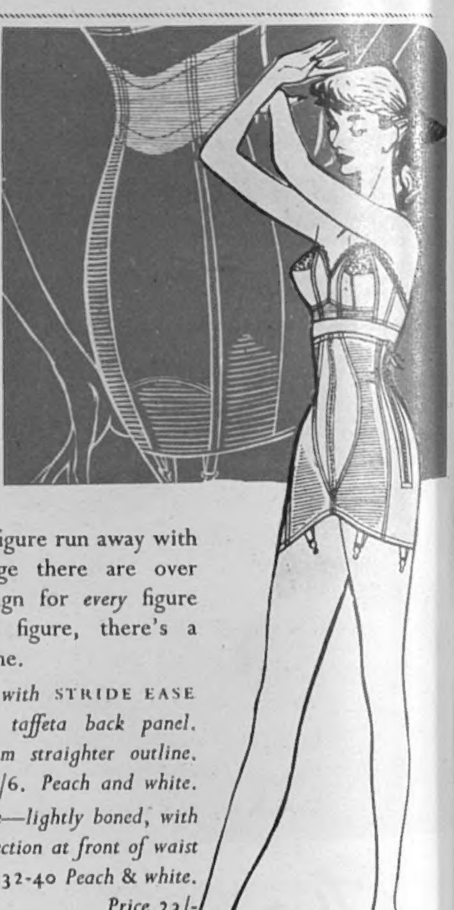
Dramatically wide hat for town occasions. In white and navy piqué piped with scarlet.

This, and other lovely hats, will be found in the Model Millinery Salon: First Floor

Swan & Edgar

Swan & Edgar Ltd., Piccadilly Circus, W.1 Regent 1616

Can you face a full-length mirror ?



Shame on you if you let your figure run away with itself ! In the Gossard range there are over 100 different models—a design for *every* figure type. Thus, whatever your figure, there's a Gossard to fit you and you alone.

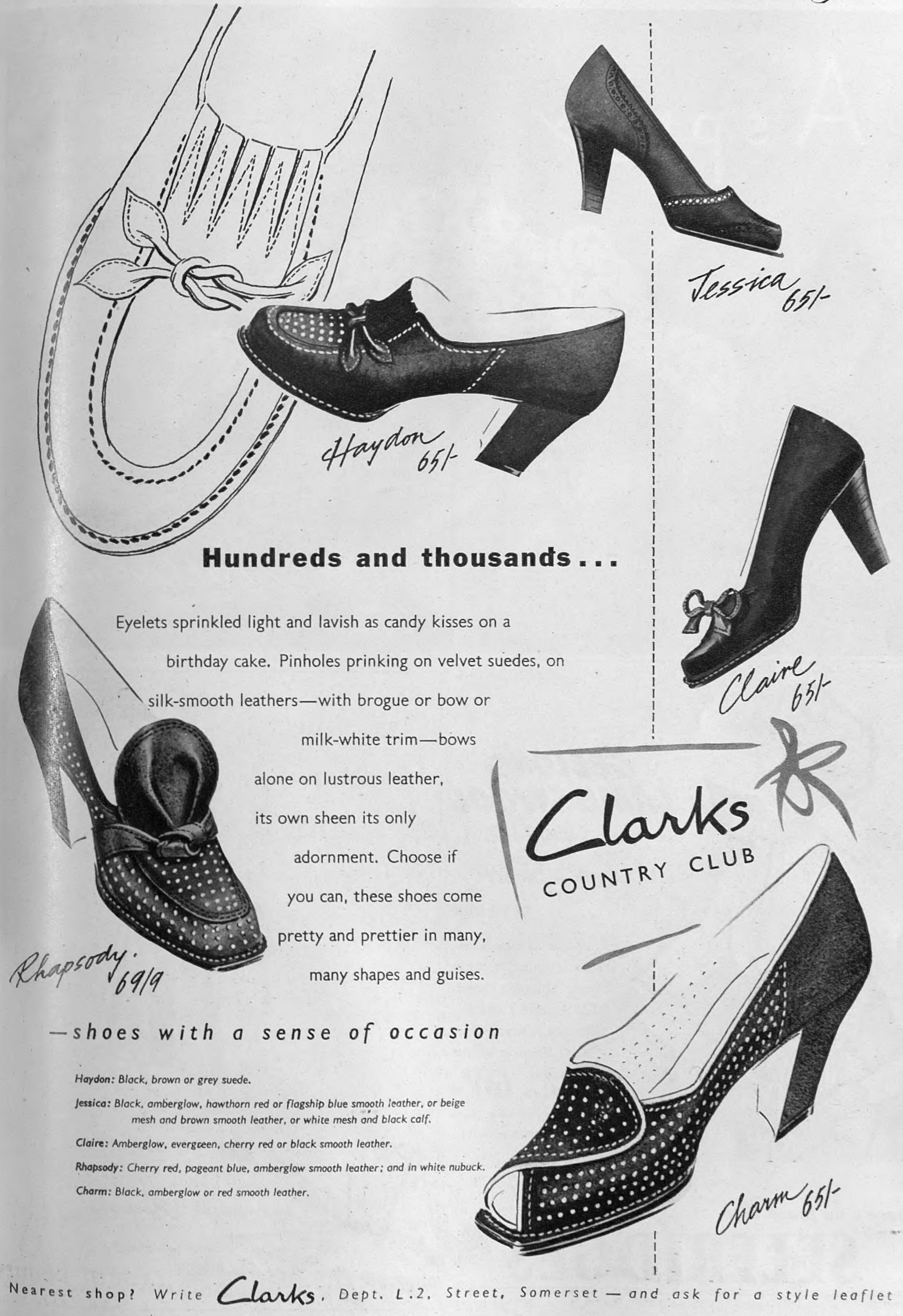
3023. *High-waisted step-in with* STRIDE EASE *cross-stretch insert below nylon taffeta back panel. 'Narroline' hip panel gives slim straighter outline. Sizes 26-34 18" deep. Price 96/6. Peach and white.*

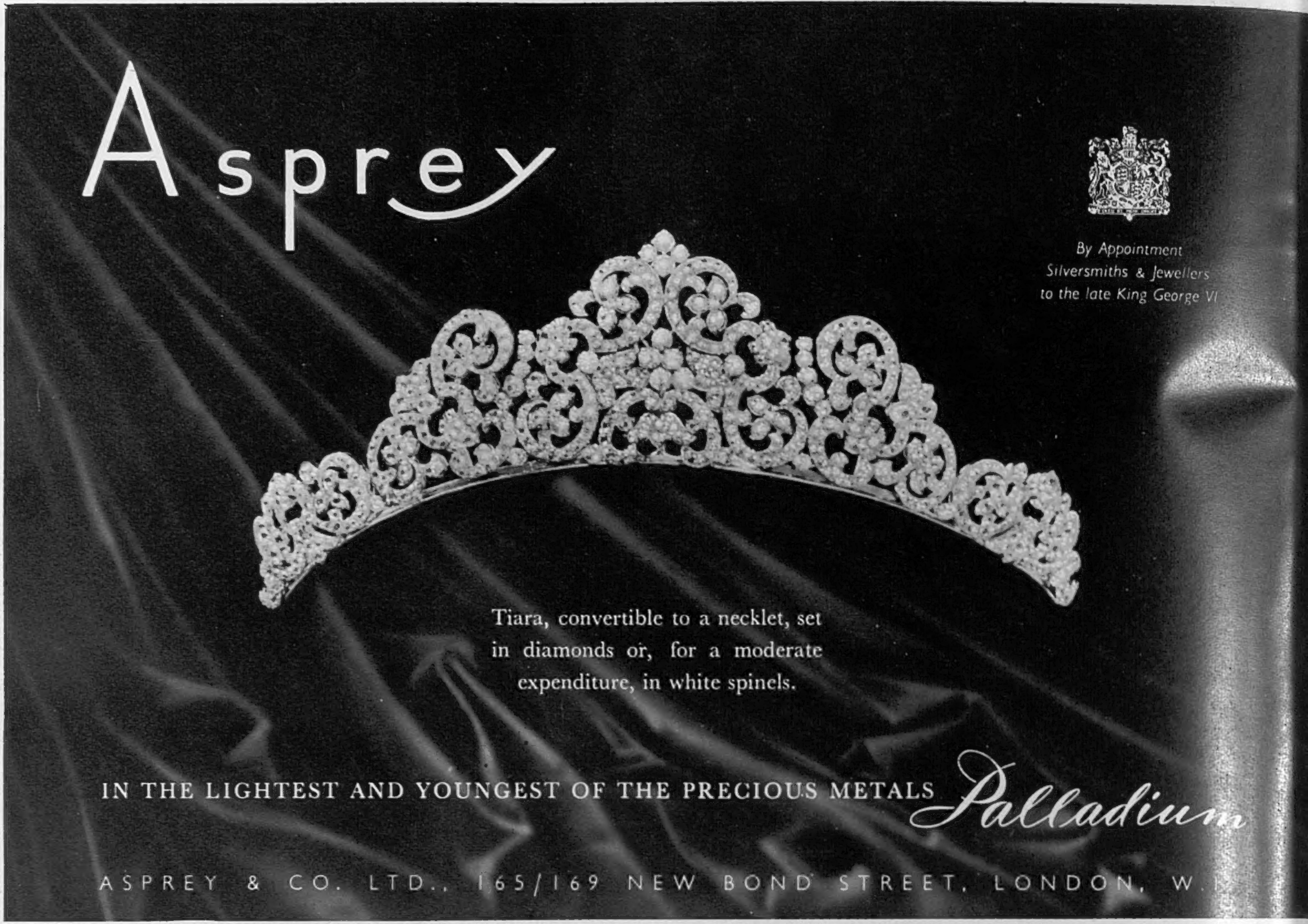
3516. *Nylon strapless brassiere—lightly boned, with nylon lace upper cups. Elastic section at front of waist and at back gives secure fit. Sizes 32-40 Peach & white. Price 23/-*

In your town you'll find a GOSSARD stockist

The Gossard Line of Beauty

LONDON NEW YORK CAPE TOWN


Jessica 65/-
Haydon 65/-
Hundreds and thousands . . .
Eyelets sprinkled light and lavish as candy kisses on a birthday cake. Pinholes prinking on velvet suedes, on silk-smooth leathers—with brogue or bow or milk-white trim—bows alone on lustrous leather, its own sheen its only adornment. Choose if you can, these shoes come pretty and prettier in many, many shapes and guises.
Claire 65/-
Clarks
COUNTRY CLUB
Rhapsody 69/9
—shoes with a sense of occasion
Haydon: Black, brown or grey suede.
Jessica: Black, amberglow, hawthorn red or flagship blue smooth leather, or beige mesh and brown smooth leather, or white mesh and black calf.
Claire: Amberglow, evergreen, cherry red or black smooth leather.
Rhapsody: Cherry red, pageant blue, amberglow smooth leather; and in white nubuck.
Charm: Black, amberglow or red smooth leather.
Charm 65/-
Nearest shop? Write Clarks, Dept. L.2, Street, Somerset—and ask for a style leaflet



GEELONG LAMBSWOOL
CARDIGAN
by Lyle and Scott
OF HAWICK

Made in their lovely shades of Blue, Chestnut, Cherry, Hunter's Green, Lt. Natural, Lavender, Primrose, Clerical Grey also Black or White.

Bust sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 **60/-**

Please state second colour choice.
Post and Packing 1/3 extra.

KNITWEAR
SECOND FLOOR

There's no place like
SELFRIDGES

SELFRIDGES LTD., OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1 MAYfair 1234

Valstar The Aristocrat of Raincoats

AVAILABLE AT MOST FINE STORES

Write for the name of your nearest stockist to:
VALSTAR LTD. · 314 REGENT STREET · LONDON, W.1

MARSHALL
AND
SNELGROVE
ESTABLISHED
1837
Model Evening Gown
in White Net . . .
Small Ladies' Salon
FIRST FLOOR

Grace... Space... Pace.... JAGUAR

The finest car of its class in the world

Here's a Health
unto Her Majesty
REGD TRADE MARK
GILBEYS
SPEY ROYAL
OLD MATURED
SCOTCH WHISKY
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
70° PROOF
GILBEY'S
LONDON DRY
GIN
70 PROOF

V. R. Furnivall.
For Great and Gay Occasions
BY APPOINTMENT PURVEYORS OF CHAMPAGNE
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI
MOËT & CHANDON
Champagne
MAISON FONDÉE EN 1743
Coronation Cuvée
Vintage 1943
A memorable Wine for a memorable occasion

The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1953

Photographed by Percy Kessell.

PRINTEMPS PAS DE DEUX

With the trees springing into leaf and birds singing in the sunshine, strollers in St. James's Park must have felt that Spring had indeed arrived when they saw two sprite-like creatures dancing a salute to the new season among the crocuses and daffodils. These lovely dancers, who are both appearing at the Windmill, are, *left*, Margaret Holden, well known to B.B.C. listeners, and Jane Bowman. The warmth had lured them into the Park to rehearse.

CRY "HAVOC"—and let slip the elephants! For a recent charity show at Madison Square Garden, New York, the famous proprietors, Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey staged one of the greatest performances ever. Our picture shows film star June Havoc riding an elephant during the display, in which Marlene Dietrich acted as Ringmaster. Scores of other film, radio and television stars took part, and Gloria Vanderbilt Stokowska acted as chairman of the Circus Première Committee.

Our Motley Notes

BY TOBY O'BRIEN

I FIND, in my diary against the date on which this is written, what appears to be a smudged-looking maggot. On closer inspection this proves to be my attempt at drawing a lamb, which in its turn was to remind me that this is the Spring Number, and that the Editor had invited me to perform a few discreet gambols.

Unfortunately, the poets, including Mr. Douglas Byng in one of his more admirable moods, have said all there is to be said about this time of the year—when houses are made untenable by that peculiar activity known as "Spring Cleaning," which leads to frayed tempers and exhaustion on the part of the female inhabitants of the house, without, however, doing much to disturb the mothgrubs now waking from their winter sleep in one's grey flannel trousers.

However, "s. (as the *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations* would say) is definitely busting out all over." s. is in the air, and s. is on, and between, the covers of *The Sketch*.

Banks are not normally institutions that feel a quickening of the pulse, a lift of the heart, or a tendency to relax their rules on overdrafts because of a peculiar luminosity in the light, or a balmy scent in the air. One of the Big Five, however, has apparently felt such stirrings. For Barclays Bank is evidently going into the travel business. I have received from them two most attractive books—one *Royal London*, the other entitled *Coming to London*. They are both beautifully printed and illustrated, and should send their overseas customers, who come to London for the Coronation, away feeling kindly about British banks in general, and Barclays in particular.

Of all the great institutions, the banks have shown themselves hitherto least intelligent in the matter of their public relations, which is silly of them—as they are particularly vulnerable to Socialist attack. This interesting sign of a change of heart is, therefore, greatly be to welcomed. Who knows, they might explain those additional bank charges next?

TALKING of books on London, I attended a most agreeable party to celebrated Johnny Metcalfe's latest venture. Johnny is one of the most amusing of P.R.O.s, and his Christmas card is annually so witty that each Christmas I find myself looking forward to its arrival in the faintly malicious hope that he will not be able to do it again. But, confound him, he always does!

The party was held at the Stafford Hotel, of which the Managing Director is now my old and gallant friend M. Burdet. I say "gallant" advisedly. Before, and for the early part of the war, he was the inspired manager of the Hyde Park Hotel (as the harassed organiser of a number of foreign delegations I can never sufficiently repay my debt to this intelligent and imperturbable hotelier). He was over fifty when he decided that, as a patriotic Frenchman, he could not continue in his excellent job. So he volunteered to become a parachutist, and made, I believe, many dangerous trips to his native land.

THE Dover Harbour Board—that excellent institution which, like the Water Guard (Customs and Excise to you) is older than the Royal Navy—has very sensibly been spending a considerable sum of money in order to take advantage of the s. travel fever. The new car ferry terminal which I went down to inspect in its three-quarter completed form should be an admirable affair, and a great addition to the Continent-going motorists' amenities.

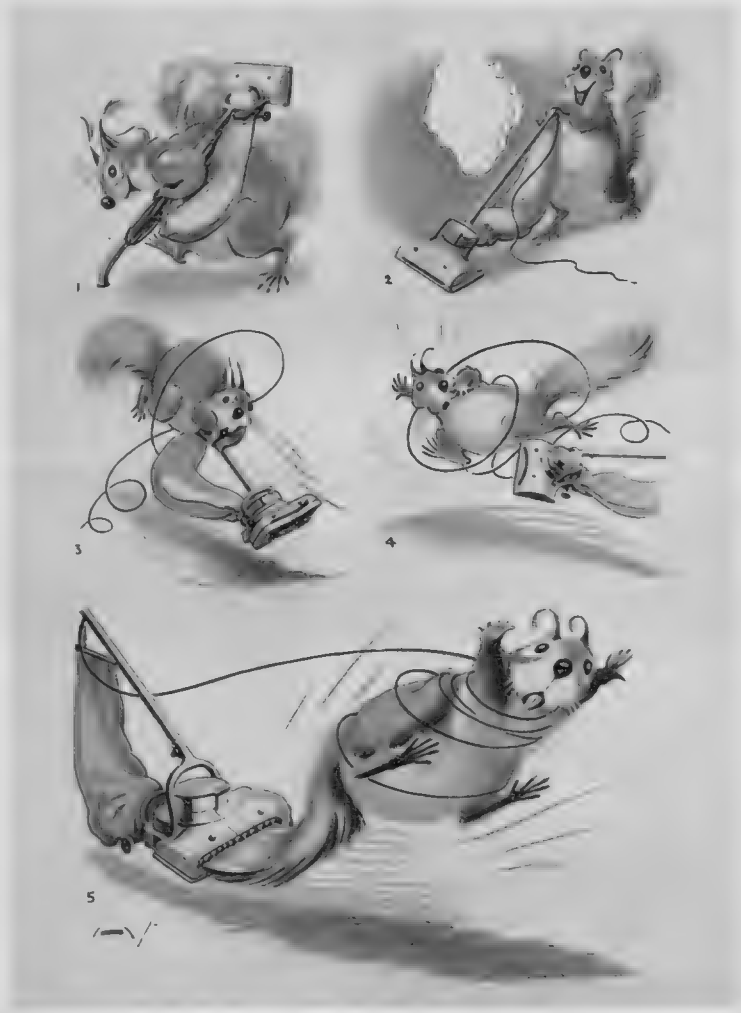
On the day in question, "the hounds of s. were on winter's traces"—the latter consisting of a brisk north-east wind, so it was a pleasure to adjourn to the hospitable and charming house of the Harbour Master, with its remarkable collection of marine paintings. I have often been critical of British Railways food, but I must say that on this occasion the Southern Region put on a most admirable lunch.

My recent references to the excellent food to be obtained on some of the trains on the old L.N.E.R. system have brought me several letters of confirmation. I wish I could say the same of the former L.M.S. lines, where the fine old traditions of curmudgeonly incompetence, about which I used to cross swords with the late Lord Stamp in days before the war, are amply maintained. Returning recently from Manchester, on the 4.5 p.m. train, my companion and I found that the only "dinner" available was at 5.30. Even if I were addicted—which God forbid—to high tea, I should be inclined to call this a middle or low variant of that curious meal. However, again, who knows?—they may even start to feel the s. on the L.M.S.—or whatever the wretched thing is called nowadays!

IN a world of increasingly pompous nonsense, where "rat-catchers" become "rodent operatives," and "bookies" are "turf accountants," I was delighted to hear the following story about a very, very distinguished old lady indeed. She lives in a block of flats in the West End of London, and allows herself a "ten-minute lunch break." Her meditations at this time had been greatly disturbed by trundlings, bangings and shoutings from the floor above, which is occupied by a Ministry. She wrote to the Ministry to complain. They sent a young man to call on her, who introduced himself by saying:

"I am the President of the Ministry of Blank's Luncheon Club Association."

To which the old lady, with the candour of an octogenarian, replied: "Young man, you are the Canteen Manager. Sit down."



As who pursued with suck and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe. . . .
(with apologies to S. T. Coleridge.)

BUSHY by Hargrave

I HAVE to record a new manifestation from West Africa. I read in the *Ashanti Times*, under the heading "Girls' Soccer Match Ends Abruptly," that "the greatest soccer crowd ever seen" had watched a match between Odoben Girls XI. and Ajumaku Kokoben Girls recently.

"The female soccer match, the first of its kind in the Ashanti capital, was all fun. Fans roared with laughter as girls missed the ball and kicked each other. The girls often slipped and rolled on their backs and fans jumped with delight and slapped each other on the back with 'oh what a fun' on their lips. A theatrical entertainment could not have been more approved."

Apparently the teams were evenly matched, there being no score in the first half. After ten minutes' play in the second half, however, "Odoben Girls (Spitfires) eventually found their opponents' net." This feat was disastrous to the continuation of the match, as "Fans rushed into the field and swarmed the girls with congratulations. Some donated money towards further training. Order could not be restored and the match had to end abruptly." The eyewitness concludes that "There was, however, no regrets. All had a good return for their money." I bet they did—and may this pleasing habit spread to this country. "Now then, Roedean, let's hear from you!" "Attagirl, Somerville!" "Lost your feet, Wycombe Abbey?"

AT Mr. Eric Crabtree's party to launch the new Cresta process of printing gold on cloth—the gold being one quarter of a millionth of an inch thick—in addition to the, even to my male eye, beautiful Coronation scarves designed by Mr. Oliver Messel, an experimental dress was shown. This was in a sort of dark grey colour, which I was told was that of "wet anthracite." I am always heartened by the ingenuity of couturiers in thinking up attractive names for materials or for colours. "Nutty slack," however, might not have conveyed quite the same romantic effect!

The eye of female faith as far as young babies is concerned is not less remarkable. When, recently, yet another O'Brien came into the world, I was informed that it was a "beautiful baby" and just like me. I accepted the compliment in the spirit in which it was offered, though I must say that, to my paternal eye, the infant appeared to look like a cross between a small and angry chimpanzee and a hardened old toper sleeping off half a bottle of Croft's 1912, after lunch in his Club—though I know of few, if any, well-known "West End Clubmen" who, in addition to snoring, actually blow bubbles!

IN a year when *The Sketch* is celebrating its Diamond Jubilee, I feel it is only fair that a magazine with so respectable a history should welcome the latest addition to weekly journalism. This is *The Weekly Gossip*, with a sub-title: "For Home and Family." It is published at No. 80, Eaton Terrace, and edited by Master Nicholas Mann, the ten-year-old son of Colin Mann.

I think that I can give it publicity without qualms as, admirable as is the new journal, I do not see it—at the moment at any rate—making big inroads into the circulation of *The Sketch*. For the first column, which is headed "Comment," says: "I am sorry that this number is written in pencil, but in due course I hope to be able to produce a number in ink." The main news story has a Northcliffian touch, as it is headed "Cat Gets Laryngitis," which has for me a faint echo of "Man Bites Dog." This half-column story is the result of the journalistic enterprise of "W.G. reporter," who, I understand, is the Editor's sister Alexandra, aged seven.

As slightly older in journalism, might I venture to warn the Editor against too much cynicism?—however fashionable it may be in some quarters to-day. For example, an agency report—the agency bears the somewhat enigmatic name of "Neuter," at the implications of which I hope Sir Christopher Chancellor, the Chairman of Reuters, will not take umbrage—states that: "No. 93, Eaton Terrace has just been repainted. Instead of being the usual cream colour it is now clean white. However, it will soon be dirty again." I find here a disturbing hint of weariness and *Weltschmerz*—which may, of course, be due to the necessity of combining home-work with editorial duties.

MISS ELIZABETH TWISTLETON-WYKEHAM-FIENNES is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Twistleton-Wykeham-Fiennes, of Bakewell, Derbyshire. She is a relation of Lord Saye and Sele.

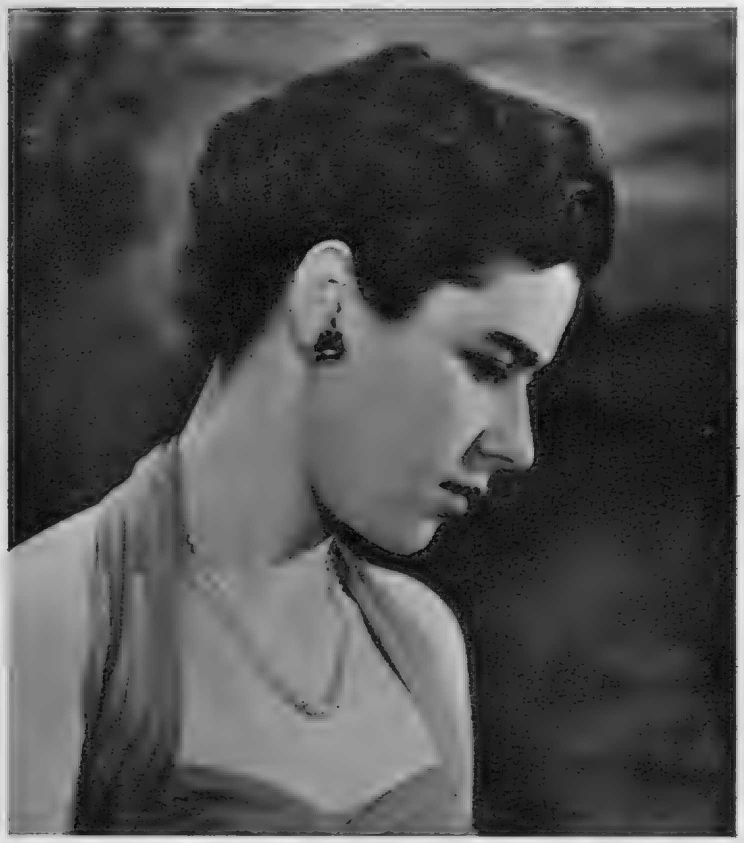
MISS ANN RUSH is a débutante from India. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Rush, of Bombay, and was to have been presented on March 26th. She is staying at 10, Southwell Gardens, S.W.7.

THE HON. MARY HAZEL SCOTT-ELLIS is the seventeen-year-old eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Howard de Walden, of Wonham Manor, Betchworth, Surrey. Her coming-out dance is on June 24th.

MISS SARAH BROOK, daughter of Captain Brook, late of the 20th Hussars, and the Hon. Mrs. Brook, is a granddaughter of Lord Gretton. She will share a coming-out dance on July 7th with Miss Julia Floyd.

SOME DÉBUTANTES OF

THE HON. ROSEMARY VILLIERS, daughter of the late Lord Hyde, and of the Hon. Lady Hyde, and granddaughter of Lord Clarendon, is a keen rider. She hunts with the Newmarket and Thurlow.



MISS FRANCESCA FUMMI is having a dance given for her by her mother, Lady Anne Fummi, at 6, Stanhope Gate, on July 2nd. Lady Anne is a sister of the Earl of Crawford, Premier Earl of Scotland.

MISS PENELOPE MAKINS is having her dance at the end of July. She is the daughter of Sir William and Lady Makins, and will share it with her cousins, the Misses Cynthia and Mary Makins.

MISS CATHERINE COLVILLE, daughter of Mr. Richard and Lady Joan Colville, lives at home at the Old Vicarage, Dorton, near Aylesbury. She plans to spend most of August sailing at Bembridge, I.O.W.

CORONATION YEAR

With Shakespeare at Stratford in the Spring

by J. C. Trewin

. . . In the theatre I had usually a way with ghosts. And yet it 's still odd to be one myself. Especially by daylight. The majesty of buried Denmark now—it was easy for him on Elsinore battlements under the moon-blink. And those others ? Richard's victims (I must glance into the theatre to see how Stratford does them), or the marching Leonati for which the professors tell me, very kindly, that I am not responsible. . . . Yes, I break the rules to walk by day. Never mind : none will question Shakespeare in Stratford, and it is quiet here in the church.

The Collegiate Church of the Holy Trinity : that is a proud name ; and it is (if I can say it) a good burial-place for the Shakespeares. Though, before I haunt any further, I have to be fierce about that doggerel on my chancel-slab :

> . . . Bleste be yt man yt spares thes stones,
> And curst be he yt moves my bones.

Some folk hold that I wrote it. No writer, with feeling for his style, likes to have attributed to him work by another hand. Agreed, I could do some curious things in my day—that was a sad jingle in *As You Like It* about the smoke and the smother—but then, have patience, I was battling against time. The man that made my epitaph had no cause to hasten.

I cannot really forgive it ; and I am not very happy about that wretched monument, Janssen's bust on the north wall of the chancel. The inscriptions are good, if somewhat fulsome ; but it disheartens even a shade to feel that he could have looked like that in life—a pompous clod. Those half-moon eyebrows ! Yet Anne and the girls must have agreed to it. It makes one think . . .

But need it ? Is it not good to be remembered in Stratford, in one's own town ? And they do remember me here (it is less quiet outside the church). Certainly it must be me. I cannot suppose that they remember Father—or am I being unfilial ? As a former Bailiff, he may get a showing this summer when they celebrate the four-hundredth year since Stratford became a borough. Odd to imagine that : four centuries ; eleven years before I was born—up in Henley Street, in the house they 've tinkered with so strangely in the past. I don't recall it in the way that I remember the Church, and the silvery Guild Chapel, and my old beamed schoolroom. For all that, I was born there, in Henley Street. It makes even a ghost proud to see the ebb-and-flow of his visitors, in and out, in and out, through the long day. All the haunt is mine. How Father would have chuckled ! Or would he ? . . . I wonder !

Stratford has changed, of course. Streets knocked down ; new ones built (I don't admire those raw brick fringes ; few visitors, I dare say, see them). But I recognise much. Mason's Court : that was two centuries old when I was a boy. Then Hall's Croft, where my Susanna went to live with her physician—John Hall. The Almshouses, Emm's Court. Yes, I spy old friends. I am sorry that they had to destroy New Place, my " Great House." I was proud of it, and I am not moved very strongly by the museum next door. The gardens ? Ah ! I am always at home there. Stratford town may change its shapes and its fashions. Generations can pass (one more or less means little to a ghost). They can name hotels and teashops after me ; they can clutter their windows with brass toasting-forks and china busts that (so I am told) are in my honour. Lord ! What fools these mortals be ! At Stratford, any April, the things that do not alter are the gardens (New Place for one), the flowers, the Avon, the fresh green lap of the meadows, the trees that are taller in Warwickshire than in any other land. These are as they were. I wrote of them. And the plays are my real monument. I am glad that they act them in Stratford, and in Spring. I was born here in the Spring ; I shall be here to-morrow, on April 23, when they walk from Henley Street to Old Town, heap primroses and violets, lilies, daffodils and rosemary upon my chancel-slab, and hide that ridiculous epitaph. Why not the bust as well ?

I enjoyed writing about flowers. " Cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops i' the bottom of a cowslip " (I wonder why I let Iachimo say that ?). You know one of my best things, Perdita's speech in *The Winter's Tale* ? Too often young actresses mince their words. (In my day a boy knew how to utter them.) I do not love this new pronunciation. Just recently you have heard (I am sure) how we used to talk when the plays were new and I was doing a certain amount of acting myself. Master Bernard Miles has sounded the right speech in London's Mermaid Theatre ; and I have found myself haunting the excellent Third Programme.

However . . . here we are, in my own town on my birthday eve. The daffodils shine in what I called the uncertain glory of an April day. The lime-buds are rosy. Elms are newly green at Charlecote of the Lucies. Daisies sparkle on the way to Shottery . . . Shottery ! Where, so they tell me, I wooed Anne on a comfortless settle. At New Place the Great Garden is green and butter-gold. Sunlight is feeling through the tunnels around the Knott (" thy curious-knotted garden "). All Stratford begins to quiver into blossom ; it " smells April and May " ; the laburnum froths. Between Holy Trinity and the meadows the Avon slips as it did when I was young. " The current that with gentle murmur glides. . . ." Remember that ? Swans still gleam in the water, silk on silk. Ben Jonson, bless him, called me the Swan of Avon. And if you go up to Clopton Bridge you can still find that back-eddy, under the eastward arch, that I used in my poem of *Lucrece*. I regret the Tramway Bridge ; Avon was lovelier in my time when we crossed it by the Clopton only, and the meadows lay, unbroken, along each bank.

Am I being ungrateful ? True, my theatre is there—on the Bancroft, in what (when I knew it) was the town's cattle pasture. And yonder I sit myself, in bronze with some of my characters around me, far away at the other end of the Bancroft, back turned upon the theatre. Does that matter ? I am there. And I am proud of the theatre. We have ceased—even we ghosts—to gloom about its looks ; within (if I may make a phrase) there is a cry of players that serves me well, and will be doing so until autumn rusts the trees. Another company is on the other side of the world, among the Anthropophagi and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders. Lord ! How Master Baker and his Puritan Town Council would have loathed this theatre ! Why, in my time, there was an edict in Stratford that prevented any players from acting in the town. Even in my own plays.

Very properly, the first two plays this season are two from my spring and early summer : *The Merchant of Venice* (I wrote it when I was about thirty) and *Richard the Third* (from a few years earlier). Later we shall have that young absurdity of the *Shrew* : it is a night Stratford loves. And the players mean to show me in my maturity—*Antony and Cleopatra* is next, and *Lear* will come. Still, a dramatist, even his ghost, knows better than to talk about early rehearsals. Let me keep to *The Merchant* and to *Richard the Third*. Young Trewin has written of them, I notice, in *The Sketch*. I don't wholly agree. He despises the " dreary patter " of Launcelot, who seems to me to be a merry fellow. And why in the world did he not tell us how he shivered at the ghosts in *Richard* ? For shiver he did. I know all about ghosts. So, I observe, does Master Byam Shaw ; I shall haunt him kindly.

Being an experienced ghost, I have long ago forgotten my surprise when women first played my parts. (There was a Mistress Anne Marshall, a Desdemona in 1660.) At Stratford, Mistress Ashcroft appears to me to be the Portia, the lady of Belmont I had imagined, though hers was never a portrait to be immured in lead. Let me whisper to you now that the affair of the caskets is something I did not trouble about overmuch. I cannot hear those lines for Nerissa, " Your father was ever virtuous ; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations," without a pallid, a spectral blush. Shylock, my Jew of Venice ? I made myself clear enough there. The man is a hungry wolf ; Master Redgrave does not forget. In *Richard the Third* Master Goring, so I feel, lacks something of the same relish. But what a good thunder-piece it is ! How well I wrought its furies !

This quiet fall of darkness suits a ghost. A crescent moon glimmers above the theatre. The lights gleam and shake in Avon. They have put up flagpoles in Bridge Street, ready for my birthday to-morrow. It will be Saint George's Day, but they say in Stratford that it is, over all, the day of Saint William. Good hearing for a shade ! A happy birthday, then, my friends, and for me a happy few hours haunting my own town. " What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night. . . ? " William Shakespeare, old John's son, of Henley Street. Pass, friend ! . . .

LIGHTS OF LONDON

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL (Old Vic).—Robert Donat in a first-rate revival of a moderate play.

RED-HEADED BLONDE (Vaudeville).—A farce that begins better than it ends. For Yolande Donlan's sake one hopes it will run happily.

THE TEDDY BEAR (St. Martin's).—The wraith of a " thriller." Even Roger Livesey, with all his charm, cannot help.

THE DOCTOR IN BEAN STREET (Embassy).—Stephen Murray persuasive as a G.P. in a slow but likeable little piece by Max Catto.

THE WANDERING JEW (King's, Hammersmith).—Another example of the fine actor's attraction to the inferior play. The actor here is Donald Wolfit ; the play, Temple Thurston's trot through the centuries.

Miles Malleson and Walter Hudd are to have the leading parts in Sean O'Casey's *Purple Dust*, announced in the last issue.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

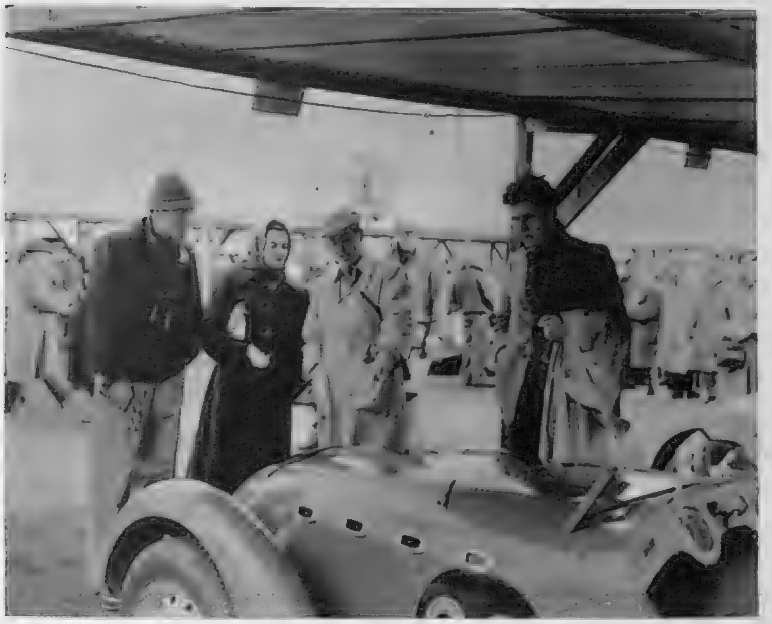
INNER CIRCLE

An inner circle of the coming-of-age company of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre around the fountain at the foot of the main staircase. From *left to right* : King Richard the Third, Queen Elizabeth (wife of Edward the Fourth), King Lear, Portia, Mr. Glen Byam Shaw (in person), Katharina the Shrew and the Duke of Buckingham. Or, if you prefer it, Mr. Marius Goring, Miss Rachel Kempson (Mrs. Redgrave), Mr. Michael Redgrave, Miss Peggy Ashcroft, Mr. Glen Byam Shaw (still in person), Miss Yvonne Mitchell and Mr. Harry Andrews.

The Duke of Richmond and Gordon, president of the British Automobile Racing Club, and patron of the Club's Easter Monday motor race meeting at Goodwood, has a personal stand near the paddock and pits overlooking the grandstand straight and finishing line. Here, a group of spectators watch from this privileged vantage point.

There are speeds to be recorded, laps to be registered, starting grid positions to be entered in the programme spaces, and so on. Miss Joan Moulton and Miss Maureen Trendell take advantage of the roof of their car.

Well protected against the very changeable weather which [illegible]ever eless produced a wide variety of racing conditions were Mr. Br[illegible] M[illegible]hew, Miss Pat Burns, Mr. Patrick Mayhew and Mr. Michael [illegible].



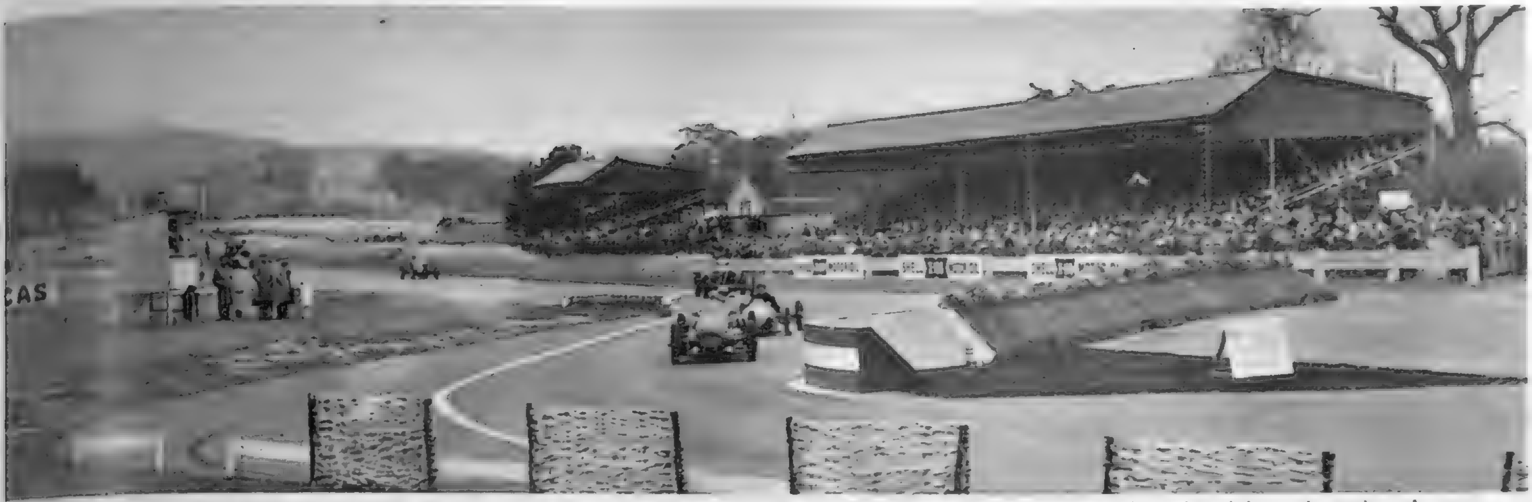
Cars in the pits inevitably come in for a good deal of critical inspection from motor-racing enthusiasts. *L. to r.:* Mr. I. Scott Cooper, Miss H. Pike Rogers, Mr. J. C. Bird and Mr. G. C. Rogers.

Yes, the general verdict was that it was a good meeting all ways round, and Mrs. Anne Stobart and Mr. Shaun Bealey quite obviously subscribed to that view.

SPRING SEES THE START OF MOTOR RACING

The younger enthusiasts constituted the greater proportion of the 50,000 crowd that went down to Goodwood for the Easter Monday motor race meeting organised by the British Automobile Racing Club, and though the weather was not, perhaps, as kind as it might have been, the mixture of sunshine and shower provided a variety of track conditions for the exhibition of some brilliant driving. The B.R.M. hampered by

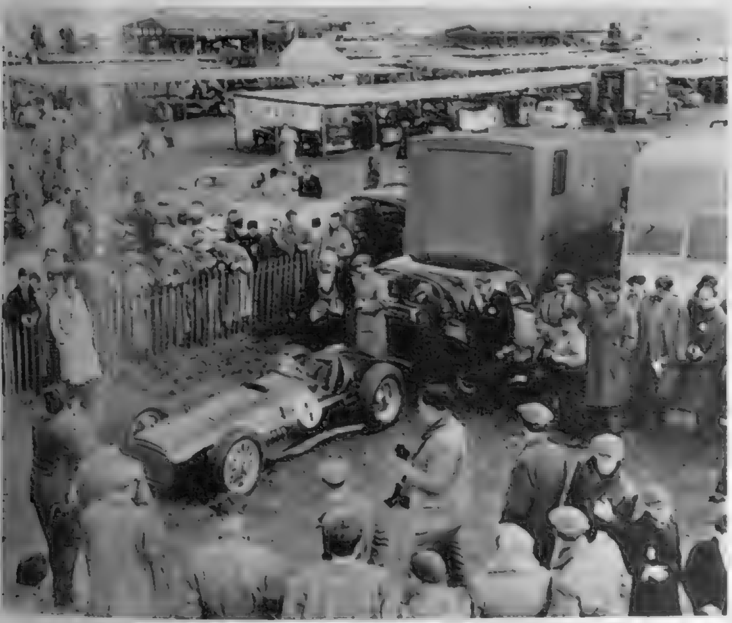
Specially photographed for



Just to make things all the more exciting, the Goodwood track has an artificial bend or "chicane" introduced into the otherwise straight road coming out of Woodcote corner, so that spectators get the extra fun of seeing some hard braking and controlled sliding. Here is H. A. Richards in an H.A.R. negotiating the chicane.

R. F. Salvadori is at the wheel of the Connaught which surprised everyone with a remarkable turn of speed and finished second to Baron de Graffenried's 2-litre Maserati in the Lavant Cup race for non-supercharged cars.

Between races there are always plenty of people to be seen and plenty of things to see in the paddock and the pits. Mr. and Mrs. John Bekaert were amongst the throng . . . and it *was* a throng . . . the biggest yet.



But this B.R.M. was ill-fated. Driven by Reg. Parnell in the Glover Trophy race it only lasted three laps and then had to retire with a fault in the drive shaft of the supercharger.

Bob Gerard's 500-c.c. Cooper which raced unsuccessfully for the Earl of March Trophy provided a comfortable seat for Miss Susan Vale, of Kidderminster, to have her lunch.

a wet track in the Chichester Cup race finished second to Baron de Graffenried's Maserati, but really came into its own on a dry track when, driven by Ken Wharton, it won the last race of the day for the Glover Trophy over 15 laps of the 2·4-mile circuit at an average speed of 90·47 m.p.h., raising the lap record into the bargain to 92·11 m.p.h.

Youth seems to be following the thrills of motor sport in rapidly rising numbers, and the Bank Holiday crowd was the biggest at Goodwood yet . . . but with the nine-hour international car race meeting coming up on August 22, when the cars will be racing from 3 p.m. to midnight, driven by headlights in the later stages, who knows what crowd may come?

"THE SKETCH" by John Wiggins.

In the Spring a Gourmet's Fancy . . .

by S. Rossiter-Shepherd

IN the spring a young man's fancy may indeed turn to thoughts of love; but for myself, no longer young, I turn instead to contemplate with something approaching ecstasy the new season's arrival of fruits from farm, field and garden. And if it be true that anticipation is better than realisation—though I very much doubt it!—then spring for those who properly appreciate fine food and good wine is the most glorious span of the whole gastronomical calendar.

This is a memorable spring because slowly but surely quality is returning to the table and food is much more varied than it was a few years ago. But though they have set the people's sausage free it will be quite a while, I imagine, before we in London taste again those delicious *saucisses Toulouse*, with their rich content of minced pork, specially cured ham, parsley and aromatic herbs, which were so skilfully compounded by Madame Aubry of Soho in those happy days before the war.

GASTRO—LYRIC

By Justin Richardson

Mayonnaise

What art the mayonnaise conceals!—
Huiles, so to put it, within huiles.

Cream is freed if only for a few glorious months. Eggs are plentiful and easy to come by without risk of sojourn in a Pentonville dungeon. These things should mark a welcome return to higher standards all round. Thus the mind's eye conjures a celestial vision of delicious foods already in season or rapidly approaching their prime.

There are plump tender ducklings; smooth, round *petit poussins*; succulent *poulets de grain*, adolescent spring chickens of exquisitely tender flesh which, roasted on a spit before a wood fire, can do so much to enhance even the most humble wine. And—not that we are likely to forget—mouth-watering baby lamb awaiting only its baptism of new mint sauce.

Sweet new potatoes add to our delight with tiny green peas from Kentish gardens as well as slender French beans of palest emerald. There are melons of amber hue, others of pink and scented flesh enveloped in an overcoat of deep, dark green, and purple-hued raspberries and luscious scarlet strawberries to help welcome back rich Devonshire cream in all its glory.

All that is most noble from river, sea and loch strikes a happy note in spring's sweet song, crayfish, prawns and Dover soles with delicate flesh of matchless texture.

For old time's sake there is whitebait, those tiny, silvery fish from the Essex coast and Thames-mouth. Served, crisp-fried and piled high on a plate with half-a-lemon, a popular dish of the mid-nineteenth century, they made high decoration at the famous Greenwich suppers.

But though whitebait began to go out of fashion over thirty years ago, their passing will not be mourned by me. Unremarkable on the palate and relying overmuch on lemon dressing to give them flavour, they are of no help at all to a following wine, however carefully chosen.

Whitebait, and to some extent oysters because of their high price, have been replaced in favour by *scampi*, increasingly popular since the war, though before then appreciated only by the *cognoscente*.

I say "increasingly popular," but the truth is that not in our lifetime has a dish all but unknown here only a few years ago achieved such swift and widespread appeal. People often confide to me what they suppose to be a new style of presenting these delicious large prawns, but though I may occasionally encounter a different setting or an attractive sauce all too often, it is no more than a variation on a classic theme.

Originally *scampi* indicated Venetian or Adriatic prawns, but the term now covers almost every kind of largish prawn there is and the many ways of presenting them. You may have *scampi meunière* with a handed sauce or lemon; you may have them presented on a bed of rice with *sauce Américaine* or *à la Bordelaise*.

I like them all these ways according to the mood of the moment or other dishes with which I may intend to follow. But best of all, I like them against a background of sweet red peppers, chopped *champignon*, tomato, a little olive oil, a mere whisper of garlic—and a few strips of aubergine if at the same time obtainable—with just an added touch of tartare sauce. Something of a rich setting perhaps, and one which may pose a problem of what wine to drink.

But for me spring's crowning glory is the return of the noble salmon, king among fish, nowhere to be found better than in Britain. Scotch salmon is, of course, of the greatest renown and the very best Scotch salmon comes from the Tay. No less a *gourmet's* delight is the excellent salmon from the famous pools of the lovely River Wye, of the River Severn and of that River Avon which flows by ruined Christchurch Abbey on the fringe of the New Forest, so-called since it was planted as a Royal playground by the English King Red Rufus, some 800 years or more ago.

Nor have I forgotten trout, that altogether elegant fish whose reign reaches its zenith between April and July. Whether your fancy inclines towards trout of the delicately flavoured salmon variety, served like salmon itself with a green mayonnaise or other cold sauce accompaniment, or whether towards its smaller brother fried simply in butter and crowned with wafer-thin slices of ice-cold cucumber, trout is a fish for the epicure. The best river trout also comes from Scotland; so does the best salmon trout; and though trout from the placid chalk streams of Hampshire may provide excellent sport for the fisherman, it 's certainly Scots wha' hae for the *gourmet*.

Like the small boy who keeps back the tit-bits, I have kept asparagus until last. The season for English asparagus, the most delicate of all vegetables, is only of six-weeks duration, from the early part of May until June. What the thin, green *Anglaise* may lack in body compared with the plump, pale *Argenteuil* of France is more than compensated for in flavour, of which it has more, but that variety of asparagus called *lauris* is the best of all.

So making the most of spring, I am proposing to stand myself a little dinner which shall be something like this, I hope.

Honeydew Melon.

Darne de saumon d'Escosse, sauce chaude.

Poulet de grain à la broche.
Haricot vert, Salade Caprice.

Asperges vert d'Evesham, sauce mousseuse.

Fraises Romanoff.

With the salmon steaks I shall avoid the temptation of a full-bodied hock and keep faith with Le Montrachet. The chicken calls, perhaps, for a delicate Saint Julien, most probably a Gruaud-Larose. I make no apology for taking two sauces at the same meal; I like them. Strawberries soaked in port with a whiff of Grand Marnier, some sugar, placed in a timbale and topped with double cream, I rather feel, is no less than the season demands.

After all, cream *has* come back for a while and Spring, it comes but once a year.

Rose Pemberton (Dorothy Tutin), whose mother has just died, arrives to make her home with her relatives, a staunch Catholic family. Unknown to them, she is in love with her married guardian, Michael Dennis (John Robinson)

Miss Helen Browne (Violet Farebrother) terrifies Teresa (Mary Jerrold) into believing she is ill so that Rose will not leave them for her married lover.

Rose has to hide her love for her guardian from her uncle (Eric Portman), a retired Catholic priest.

The ruthless Miss Helen startles Rose by announcing that Mrs. Dennis, the wife of her lover, is waiting below to see her.

"THE LIVING ROOM"

Graham Greene's first play, now running at Wyndham's Theatre, is not only remarkable for Eric Portman's fine performance in an extremely difficult rôle, but also for the heralding of youthful Dorothy Tutin as a contender for a share of Claire Bloom's place in the sun.

As the paralysed and retired Catholic priest, Eric Portman spends the evening entirely in a bath chair, and brings real humanity and strength to his characterisation. Miss Tutin, a slight wisp of a girl, plays the part of an eighteen-year-old who becomes the mistress of a married man, and John Robinson gives an excellent interpretation of the man, torn by desire and loyalty.

Divorce and the Roman Catholic viewpoint are the bones of contention, and the play is endowed with a morbid atmosphere engendered by the presence of the girl's aunts, the elderly and neurotic Misses Browne, who maintain the large house as a tomb of memories. Violet Farebrother and Mary Jerrold play the spinster sisters, and Valerie Taylor is well cast as the nerve-ridden wife.

Rose decides to take her own life, and utters a childish prayer before taking sleeping tablets.

MARCH 28TH.—CHRISTENING OF AN EARL. Lord and Lady Blandford with their four-month-old son, the Earl of Sunderland, after he had been christened at Blenheim Palace.

APRIL 4TH.—SIGNS OF SUMMER. Preparing her Merlin Class sailing dinghy for one of the first regattas of the season on the Teddington Reach is Miss Ann Vickery, of the Minima Y.C.

APRIL 6TH.—COWDRAY POINT-TO-POINT. Mr. G. Reddington, Miss R. Hawker (*centre*) and Miss R. Dear were three of the many spectators who braved the weather at this point-to-point at Cowdray Park, Sussex.

APRIL 9TH.—THE ROYAL WEDDING IN LUXEMBOURG. Prince Jean of Luxembourg and Princess Josephine Charlotte of Belgium walk down the aisle of Luxembourg's thirteenth-century cathedral after their wedding.

APRIL 10TH.—IN THE STATE ROOMS AT STOWE. Mr. R. Blaker, Miss L. Pennington, Mrs. G. Cooper, Colonel G. Cooper, Mr. John Smith, Major Gibson and Colonel W. L. McElwes were guests at the Grafton's point-to-point ball

Notes and Pictures from

Our Social Diary

IT becomes more and more difficult to decide at what age children become grown-ups, but the crowd of very self-possessed young ladies and gentlemen at Lady Eden's party in Kensington on April 1st were mostly in their early teens. Lady Eden is the charming wife of Sir Timothy Eden, brother of Mr. Anthony Eden, the Foreign Secretary, and she runs a school at her roomy house in Victoria Road, where the party was given. Most of the young guests were pupils of the school; they brought along brothers and cousins from Eton, Harrow and Winchester to act as escorts. Nearly every girl seemed to be the proud possessor of a long party frock, and about half the boys had acquired a dinner jacket for the occasion; even the rest came in dark lounge suits. Elfrida Eden, Lady Eden's thirteen-year-old daughter, looked sweet in a fluffy frock (long !) with a wreath of spring flowers round her head—she won the samba contest. To keep things going there were waltz contests, musical bumps (a great favourite), statue dances and reels, and half-way through the evening, which Cinderella-like ended at midnight, everyone tucked in to a splendid supper.

APRIL 4TH.—A petulant wind and spattered showers made quite sure that there was not an Easter bonnet to be seen at the Essex Hunt's Point-to-Point at Matching Tye, near Harlow. People came looking even more muffled-up than usual; Sir Humphrey de Trafford, cosily enveloped, was there, so was Sir John Ruggles-Brise, and Mr. R. A. Butler (cheerfully nursing secrets of the Budget yet to come) with his wife—they live nearby at Stanstead Hall. Mr. and Mrs. Jock Swire—he was a Steward—brought their family, also there were Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Nutting and Mr. E. Hambro. Mrs. Edward Lambton, somehow managing to look decorous in spite of the elements, came down specially to see her sister-in-law, Miss Sybil Lambton, ride for the coveted Warwick Vase in the Ladies Race. Out of the eighteen starters, only five finished, and these looked rather tired as they came round for the second time. However, Miss Lambton had a good win on *Avogoli*, and Mrs. Lambton went off triumphantly to collect her winnings. Before the race Mrs. Charles Maydwell was walking the course with Mrs. Charles Oppenheim; they were unfortunately caught in a thunderstorm on top of the hill and were absolutely soaked! Fair-haired Mrs. Oppenheim was certainly most attractive in her colours of pale blue and navy; she rode her own horse and finished third.

We enjoyed Easter in Jersey, the latest resort for impecunious English people. We met Lord and Lady Decies for lunch at the Star Restaurant, which lurks above St. Helier's harbour with a lovely view out to sea, and is always full of English and Continental visitors. There the Maître d'Hôtel, Nino, presides against a background of unusual décor, *and*, even more important, the food is simply marvellous. Later went on to a cocktail party with Colonel Riley, who lives at the Manor de la Trinité, one of the most beautiful houses on the island, where we talked

APRIL 6TH.—FIRMLY BETWEEN HER TEETH. Brenda Adams, aged seven, looks a determined winner on *Philomel* as she receives the Sir Roland Burke Challenge Cup from Lady Greenwell at the Woodbridge Horse Show.

APRIL 8TH.—OFF ON THEIR HONEYMOON. Mr. Michael Naylor-Leyland and his very attractive bride, the former Miss Jacqueline Floor, about to depart for Spain. On the left is Lord Westmorland, who was best man.

APRIL 10TH.—FAMILY AND RETINUE. The Sultan of Selangor prefers to travel with plenty of company; recently arrived in England for the Coronation, he is pictured here with his wife, sons, daughter, granddaughter and some of his retinue.

APRIL 11TH.—NAVAL GUARD OF HONOUR. Miss Susan Morland wore a fairy-tale dress of white Coronation lace over pale pink taffeta when she married Lieutenant Michael Hooke, Royal Navy, at St. James's, Spanish Place.

to Sir Patrick and Lady McMahon, who have recently settled in Jersey. Dining and dancing at the Woodville Hotel were Lord and Lady Jersey with a party. We visited Mrs. Obbard, of Samares Manor, to see her wonderful collection of camellias—a magnificent display in all sizes, shapes and colour, and during our short stay also met Commander and Mrs. Kent, who have a house at St. Martin's, and Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Barnard (she was a Plunket before her marriage), the proud owners of an antique shop at Gorey.

APRIL 6TH.—Down in Devonshire, it was once again a familiar gumboot and mackintosh day for the Eggesford's Point-to-Point at Sticklepath, where in spite of a very tough course there were no bad accidents or surprise wins. Miss Joan Walbeoffe-Wilson and her sister Miss Jennifer Walbeoffe-Wilson, Mr. Micky Seymour-Rous, a prominent local Young Conservative, and Mr. Richard Walmesley were a few of the young stalwarts upholding the honour of British Field Sports; Mr. Michael Niven and his attractive fiancée arrived in a splendidly field-worthy converted London taxi, in which they remained firmly and advantageously seated throughout the afternoon. Others about were Miss Bridget Mosse, Mr. Michael Lane and Mr. Neil Spence.

Lady Jane Turnbull gave a very jolly informal dance at Melton Grange, in Suffolk, to celebrate her daughter Marjorie's twenty-first birthday. Most people had, as usual, got rather wet and cold at the annual Woodbridge Horse Show during the afternoon, so it was a warm and cheerful end to a traditionally chilly Bank Holiday. Lady Jane's younger son, Mr. Oliver Turnbull, was on a short Army leave; among others there were Miss Eila Grahame Wigan, talking about her coming-out dance at the end of this month, Mr. William Carruthers, Miss Ann Silver, Mr. Alec Dalglish, whose brother, Commander J. S. Dalglish, will soon be taking up his appointment as Commander of the new Royal yacht, and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hutchinson.

APRIL 11TH.—Just over £9000 was raised for the Actors' Orphanage from special performances all the week of *Love From Judy* at the Saville; on the final night there were so many actors and actresses milling about during the interval that it was rather like a miniature theatrical garden party. Lady Hardwicke, wife of Sir Cedric, organised a bevy of bright young programme sellers, including her niece Miss Barbara Kennedy, a Coronation Year deb., Miss Meribah Baxter, pretty in a stripey black taffeta skirt and little black top, Miss Maureen Lyle-Purdy, Miss Claire Taft, another débutante, and Messrs. Edward Hardwicke, Clive Baxter, Ronald Corbett, plus students and undergraduates.

This year the "sporting event" highlight of the evening at the Lord's Taverners' Ball at the Grosvenor on April 27th is to be a sailing regatta, the final race of which is listed as the Highest-and-Driest-Round-the-Island-Taverner-Blue-Riband.

The Bachelors' Ball—last held on July 30th, 1880—is being revived this year at the Hyde Park Hotel on May 1st, when eighty-four of the Senior Bachelors of Britain will be the hosts. The Ball, which is fully insured, will be strictly a private party and no tickets will be publicly sold.

Sir Alfred Munnings has asked us to state that he no longer has any connection with the Society of Animal Painters, from one of whose exhibitions we reproduced the painting of *Fighting Stallions* by Raoul Millais, which appeared on pages 206-207 in our issue of March 11th.

Dressmaking is very popular. Here Miss Jill Batchelor (*left*) is machining intently, next to her is Miss Penderell Stock tidying a hem, Miss Patsy Bagshawe finishing an evening dress, Miss Monique Rundberg folding a dress, and in front is Miss Virginia Duthie, busily stitching.

With pretty curls firmly tucked inside turbans, a cake-making class is instructed by Miss Hudson (without turban). *Left to right* are Miss Virginia Duthie, Miss Sheila Scott, Miss Ann Stevenson-Hamilton, Miss Penelope Stanbury and (*in front*) Miss P. Bagshawe and Miss Lynette Makin.

Will it fit ? Miss Hickson, the talented dress-making coach, helps Miss Isie Esselen to try on the pretty evening dress which she had just finished. Many of the girls make their own clothes.

Music is another popular subject which some of the girls take as an "extra" Miss Loula Leras (Greece), daughter of the manager of the Bank of Athens, has a piano lesson from Miss Susan Waley.

The Club of the THREE WISE MONKEYS...

... or the Monkey Club, as it is more often called, at 24, Pont Street, S.W.1, was founded by Miss Marian Ellison, the present principal, in 1923 (she is now partnered by the Hon. H. G. Joynson Hicks), since when thousands of girls have passed through its doors. At present there are about sixty resident and fifty day students, who can choose between doing a secretarial course, domestic science, interior decoration, music, and a variety of academic subjects. Most of the girls, whose ages range from seventeen to twenty-three, stay for a year; apart from their studies they use the place as a social club, and many continue their club membership even after they have finished their course.

Miss Rosa Cata and Miss Dolores Cata, just arrived from Spain, are shown into the car by the Club chauffeur *en route* for the Club's country branch.

With a mural painting as an encouraging background, Miss Elma Galstiantz (Iran), Miss Aziza Gareh (Iraq), Miss Madeleine Sjöholm (Sweden), Mrs. Helps, the coach, Miss Layla Wabha, daughter of the Saudi-Arabian Ambassador, and Miss Isie Esselen (South Africa), study design.

Practising flower decoration, another useful feminine accomplishment, are (*l.* to *r.*) Miss Ann Stevenson-Hamilton, Miss Carole Bowyer, Miss Isie Esselen, god-daughter of the late Field-Marshal Smuts, and Miss Meriel Fraser, battling with some awkward blossom.

Some of this year's débutantes change into evening dress ready for a night out. The rule is that all members have to be accompanied by a chaperone, no latch-keys are allowed and the night matron is always on duty to see that nobody comes in too late! Here (*back row*) are Miss Anne Stevenson-Hamilton, Miss Jennifer Dobbin, Miss Sonia Clark, Miss Lavinia Wallis, Miss Pat Walker, Miss Maria Louisa Diaz, and (*in front*) Miss Françoise Horngachen Giron, Miss Jean Bodley-Scott and Miss Juanita Luckerman.

SPORTING BACKGROUND

By LOUIS T. STANLEY

The Young Entry

EVERYONE, as Wyndham Lewis says, is "younger-generation-conscious," at least in the world of sport. I thought that when I spoke to Ian Craig, who, at seventeen, is the youngest player the Australians have ever taken on tour. The composure of such youngsters is disconcerting. A few hours before I wrote these words I was at Newmarket, watching the Column Produce Stakes over the Rowley Mile. My main concern was to eye that elusive filly *Bebe Grande* as a Guineas proposition. Although beaten, she was not disgraced, but I was impressed by the way Lester Piggott handled *Eastern Venture*. This jockey, little more than a schoolboy, sat like an impassive statue, poker-faced and phlegmatic, with the hands of a veteran. I thought of the *sang-froid* of Maureen Connolly when she stormed the Centre Court at Wimbledon last summer. The list could be extended to include last summer's Cambridge students, Peter May and David Sheppard, who batted in the Tests with the calmness of Hobbs and the versatility of Hutton . . . little Billy Knight who has returned from Australia with the self-possession of Sedgman . . . Pat Smythe, whose immaculate riding compares favourably with the world's finest horsemen. Skating continues to produce schoolgirl marvels. Swimming has its quota of water babies. Golf has its share of promising youngsters.

Is Golf a Game for Youth?

I suppose golf is uppermost in my mind at present due perhaps to a conversation I had recently with the mother of a sturdy boy of eight years and four months. She was a lawn-tennis player of Wimbledon standard, her husband was a county Rugby player . . . and their son and heir wanted a miniature golf-club.

I was asked whether I considered it a suitable game for a schoolboy. I was the wrong person to ask for advice, as my sympathies were instinctively with the short-trousered, tousle-headed youngster. I had been brought up in an atmosphere of golf. The game, golf-bags, golf-balls and golfers formed part of the background of my earliest childhood. I swung a toy club at an age when most children have yet to learn the mystery of hop-scotch and the appeal of marbles. I argued that the child was in no danger and might even develop into a second Bobby Jones.

To strengthen my case I added that many of the greatest golfers had begun the game in childhood . . . a statement easily made, yet difficult to substantiate on the spur of the moment if asked to mention a few instances. Needless to say, that was what happened and, just as inevitably, I could not remember any names.

Afterwards I referred to the records for confirmation—it was forthcoming. I found that Willie Park began at the tender age of four years. That was due to a visit to his father's shop in Musselburgh by a man named Gressack, who earned his living by hammering balls and caddying. Gressack promised to give a golf-club to each of the two small Park brothers. He kept his word, and one of the world's finest putters played his first shot.

That powerful driver, Edward Blackwell, was born within a mashie shot of the Old Course, St. Andrews, and like his three brothers, Ernley, Walter and Jim, he commenced to play golf at about five years of age. James Braid started about the same age by slogging a ball about Earlsferry with a wee club. Old Tom Morris used to say that he couldn't remember the time when he didn't play. Harold Hilton was another who was affected by the golfing atmosphere of the place where he was born—in his case it was the St. Andrews of England that influenced him, and he commenced to play at the age of six. So advanced was Hilton's game that he entered for the Hoylake competition for golfers under sixteen when he was only eight years of age.

Not According to the Royal and Ancient

Harry Vardon first came into contact with the game at the age of seven. He was attracted by the pioneering activities of a party of English golfers who visited Jersey for the purpose of laying-out a golf course. After watching them play, the Vardon brothers made themselves primitive golf clubs from a stick of blackthorn and a branch of an oak-tree, whilst large white marbles served as golf-balls. Sandy Herd, who was born in St. Andrews, once told me how he had a similar home-made club, which he wielded at the age of seven years on the links in North Street, where lamp-posts were greens and champagne corks acted as balls. Another St. Andrews golfer, born and bred, who has played almost from boyhood is Willie Auchterlonie, whilst J. H. Taylor was raised within a stone's throw of the Westward Ho! links and has handled a club from childhood.

If the fever gets into the blood of this young convert, I am afraid the parents are fighting a losing battle. There may be this consolation. If he shows promise, the odds are that he will enter for the event known as the Boys' Championship. According to juvenile golfers, this is *the* fixture of the season . . . an opinion frequently shared by parents if behaviour is any guide. Fathers have been known to act in such irresponsible fashion that their heirs have had to pull them up with words of grave warning. It can be a strenuous and hectic week. Partisanships among families reach fresh levels of silent intensity as they follow their "hope." Then, when their own flesh and blood has fallen by the wayside, families unite in the common cause of supporting someone else's perspiring son. David and Goliath meet all over again. Short-trousered midgets struggle against long-trousered lanky youths whose faces bear the suspicion of a growth that will soon need a razor. There is strawberry-jam and cake for tea. And all sorts of things to do in the evening. Many parents, particularly mothers, have never walked so many miles over rough country and sand-hills in one week. Aching feet were endured for the sake of family honour, and after the first day's torture, most of them wore sensible shoes.

It is probable that in other homes, small daughters are thinking of abandoning hockey for golf. This in turn may end in the Girls' Championship, another event of youthful contrasts. Short socks. Long legs. Serious faces. Freckled faces. Faces that show inexpert traces of cosmetics. Pigtails tucked inside jerseys. Hair styles meant to imitate Mummy, but somehow never quite succeeding. It is a week of crowded surprises and laughter. Parents react the same, and older brothers have a habit of discovering that their sister's opponent is really rather a nice girl. These two events are sufficient justification in themselves for parents to encourage their youngsters to play golf, events that offer the happiest fortnight in the golfing year.

Plus ça Change . . .

Regarding the eight-year-old query, I am reminded of Sydney Smith's comments: "The schoolboy whips his taxed top—the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road—and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent., into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent.—flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent.—and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a licence of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death." Although these words were written over a century ago, they are not altogether unfamiliar. In such a world, I see no reason why a little boy should not play with a wee, taxed golf-club.

* * *

In more practical vein, it is interesting to note the response that has followed the inauguration of a non-profit-making organisation: *The Golf Foundation*. Its aim is to encourage youngsters to take up golf, the idea taking shape at a meeting attended by founder members C. D. Gray, J. Graham, J. D. A. Langley, R. H. Oppenheimer, P. W. L. Risdon and Henry Cotton. I have heard of similar ideas in the past which have produced plenty of talk and little action. As a result, I was sceptical, but events within recent months have wiped out any doubts. It was agreed at the meeting that a scheme of Golf Promotion in schools should be attempted. Henry Cotton had already visited four schools—Stowe, Harrow, Rugby and Beaumont—giving a free illustrated lecture on Golf, followed by a demonstration of shot-making.

It was felt that some sort of a follow-up should be attempted, and a self-explanatory letter was sent to the secretaries of the Public Schools Golfing Societies—fifty-eight in all. Twenty-three headmasters replied in favour; five against; six public schools volunteered to co-operate: Beaumont, Fettes, Malvern, Rugby, Stowe and Wellington. That was in 1952. Since then, more than a thousand juniors from thirty-two schools are receiving instruction, and by the end of this summer over a hundred girls' and boys' schools of all types will be in the scheme.

I have only touched on the fringe of the Foundation's plans. They deserve to succeed. A few years may have to pass before the effect on the game is seen, but it is bound to be considerable.

Billy Knight and Bobby Wilson—youngsters who should shortly receive Davis Cup recognition.

David Sheppard and Peter May—the brightest "hopes" English cricket has had for many years.

Ian Craig—the "baby" of the Australian tourists.

Ian Caldwell and Pamela Davies, young in years but veterans in golfing experience.

Maureen Connolly—who should reign as Queen of the Courts for many seasons.

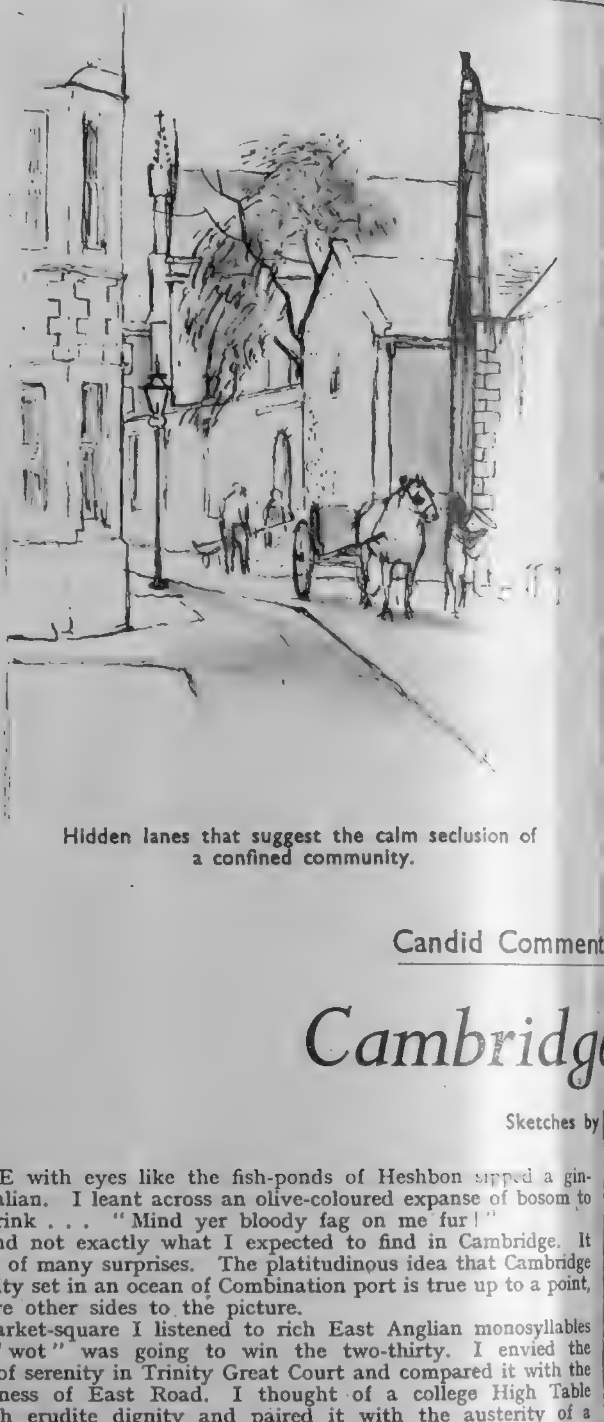
Lewis Hoad and Ken Rosewall, young Australians who take over from Frank Sedgman and Ken McGregor.

Lester Piggott has inherited the family racing skill and nerve.

Valda Osborn, the latest in a long line of skating champions.

THE FLUSH OF SPORTING YOUTH

The market square, the centre of East Anglian basic English.



Hidden lanes that suggest the calm seclusion of a confined community.

Candid Comment

Cambridg

Sketches by

The Great Court of Trinity, the place that Whewell loved best on earth.

The Cloisters of Nevile's Court are put to many unacademic uses.

A FEMALE with eyes like the fish-ponds of Heshbon sipped a gin-and-Italian. I leant across an olive-coloured expanse of bosom to claim my drink . . . "Mind yer bloody fag on me fur!"

Cryptic and not exactly what I expected to find in Cambridge. It was the first of many surprises. The platitudinous idea that Cambridge is a dream city set in an ocean of Combination port is true up to a point, but there are other sides to the picture.

In the market-square I listened to rich East Anglian monosyllables describing "wot" was going to win the two-thirty. I envied the atmosphere of serenity in Trinity Great Court and compared it with the dingy meanness of East Road. I thought of a college High Table adorned with erudite dignity and paired it with the austerity of a Romsey Town café. In a King's Parade snack-bar I ate slim Gruyère sandwiches. A few streets away my meal would have been served in a newspaper drenched with vinegar and salt. I stood by the fireplace in the Whim whilst young gentlemen of standardised education imbibed coffee and aired their inexperience. I eyed girl students and realised why their parents had no need to worry. I met dons who had been educated beyond their intelligence. Contrasts were six-a-penny. Genius and poseur rubbed shoulder with shoulder. The clever ones never listened, the stupid ones never talked.

I went for tea in an unpretentious café. A genteel young woman deigned to serve me. She gave the impression that the very act meant social degradation. . . I dined in a house where time has stood still. It was refreshing to come across a don who was a Scholar instead of a Temporary Civil Servant, although his comments on a Marlowe production at the Arts Theatre made me think that he sat through Shakespeare to recognise the quotations.

I visited a different type of residence . . . a cross between a university boarding establishment and a private hotel. Meals were taken with the blinds up. The staff consisted of a soured-looking girl who doled out the plates with an air of disillusionment. My host was a self-professed highbrow. Next to him sat an author whose books were so little known as to be almost confidential. Opposite was a Bright Young Thing with eyelashes that appeared in bundles of three. I could picture her bedroom: empty Arden pots and cigarette-stubs all over the place and her entire wardrobe hanging behind the door. The fourth member at our table was a Kingsman. I have heard it said that the ideal voice for radio has no substance, no sex, no owner, and a message of importance to every housewife. This individual qualified for the first two.

Cambridge has a fascination peculiar to itself. It has the intimacy

Bicycles are the accepted form of transport—from the Master of Trinity to the scruffiest errand-boy.

ries : by Criticus

Revisited

usan Benson

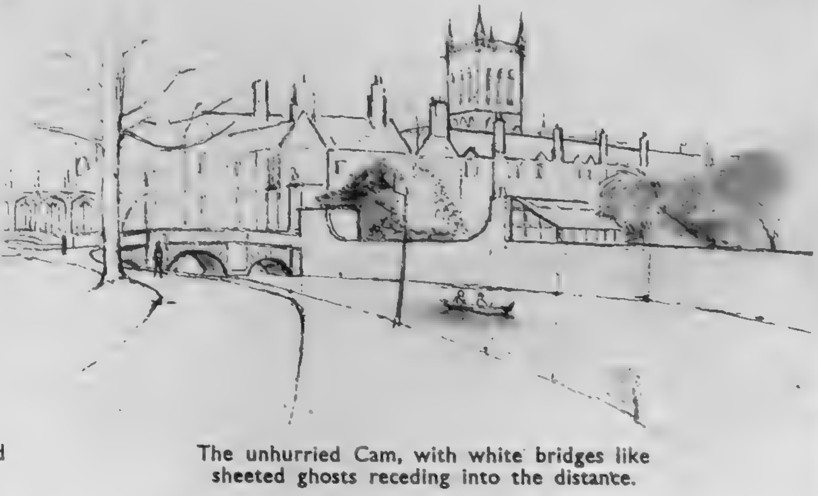
of a community the farthest from the work-a-day. It is civilised, cultured, perhaps a trifle spoilt, but withal of the world. At Cambridge a man stores up memories for the years ahead. I have my own personal store. I think of the river—unhurried, shy and shadowy—with canoes and punts ruffling the surface like water-insects . . . the old brickwork of Queens . . . white bridges receding like sheeted ghosts into the grey light of morning . . . evenings of talk . . . the flood-tide of bicycles after lectures . . . the old man selling violets in Petty Cury . . . shimmering water-meadows . . . the music in King's Chapel . . . the echo of successive chords lingering . . . the statue of the gentle Founder.

One last impression. I stood on the wooded hill of Madingley within sight of the towers and spires of Cambridge. Beyond was a sight that brought home the bitter-sweetness of remembered things. I looked across the fields and saw row upon row of white marble crosses, an army—almost four thousand strong—of American Servicemen on their last parade. The American flag stirred in the wind as if fingers were plucking the folds. The moving finger of history must have paused for a moment at the scene. It was something for the historian, the philosopher and the poet to linger over.

In a small compass, Cambridge is a child of the world.

David's bookshop—an institution to all who love a bargain.

The general atmosphere of serenity is belied in streets where life is real and mean.



The unhurried Cam, with white bridges like sheeted ghosts receding into the distance.

Spring Flowers of Stardom

by C. A. Lejeune

IS it because we are growing older that film-stars would seem to be growing younger ? I don't think so. I have a fancy there is a new fashion in stars, a fresh blossoming of youth, another spring. I don't mean the sort of moppetry that Hollywood used to love. There *are* infant prodigies on the screen to-day—little Brigitte Fossey, the wonder-child of *Les Jeux Interdites*, is one of them. But, on the whole, it's the young things in their teens and twenties who are catching the picture-goer's eye. And the producer's.

You will have noticed how many of the new pin-up stars come from Italy or France. There is the flower of Italy, Gina Lollobrigida (commonly known in The Trade as Luscious Lollo). Gina has reached the ripe age of twenty-five. She has appeared in sixteen films, of which the best-known here are René Clair's *Les Belles de Nuit* and Alessandro Blasetti's *Infidelity*, both of them showing in London now. Apart from what the Italians describe as "the natural gifts of a well-moulded figure," and the beauty of her perfect, heart-shaped face, Luscious Lollo knows how to act ; or, perhaps it would be more wise to say, knows how to do quite exquisitely whatever her director bids her do. Her wide-eyed, mock ingenuous courtroom scene with Vittorio de Sica in *Infidelity* is something that oughtn't to be missed. Not so long ago, Gina spent some heartbreaking months in Hollywood under one of those loose contracts of the this-year-next-year-sometime-never kind. But she refused to submit to "grooming," and returned to Italy unfilmed. Hollywood's loss is Europe's gain.

In the same film, *Infidelity*, one may note another Italian starlet, Alba Arnova, a young ballet dancer who made her first screen appearance in de Sica's *Miracle in Milan*, as the statue who came to life and danced. Heaven help her, poor child, she is already burdened with the tag, "The Girl Who Makes 3-D Look Flat." Ah, well, it was coming to somebody, anyhow.

Then there is Sylvana Mangano, the *Bitter Rice* girl. And there are a trio of delightful young actresses from *Three Forbidden Stories*—Lia Amanda, Antonella Lualdi and Eleanora Rossi Drago. Lia was another who was intended for a ballet career. Antonella has, in a country of dark beauties, that unusual pink-and-gold colouring that has earned for her the title of "the most English-looking Italian star." Eleanora has a touch of the young Bergman, and, with nine films behind her, is a strong dramatic actress.

IF Hollywood missed out on Lollobrigida, it made no such mistake with the two Anna Marias. Anna Maria Pierangeli was born in Sardinia, was working in an art school in Rome when French director Leonide Moguy saw her and chose her for the schoolgirl heroine of his touching film of adolescence, *To-morrow is Too Late*. In those days she was still a leggy, unburnished child, but the promise of an actress was so clearly there that an M.-G.-M. talent scout, visiting Italy to find a Teresa for his studio's film about an Italian immigrant in New York, did not hesitate to sign her up. The studio shortened her name to the simple and more striking Pier Angeli, groomed and burnished her, and taught her fluent English. Now Pier lives in Hollywood with her mother, twin sister and a baby sister. In three years she has made six American pictures : *Teresa, The Light Touch, The Devil Makes Three, The Story of Three Loves, Sombrero* and *The Flame and the Flesh*. Only the first three have so far been shown in England, but already there are thousands of people in this country prepared to swear that Pier Angeli is one of the most enchanting and talented young creatures on the screen.

Anna Maria Alberghetti is a highly promising youngster who has not yet reached the Pier Angeli class of stardom, although she puts one in mind of Pier Angeli at many points. *This* Anna Maria is a singer, and young singers must never be hurried in their training. She was only fourteen years old (actually, it was her fourteenth birthday) when she appeared in her first American concert, and caught the ear of composer-conductor Menotti (*The Consul*). At that time Menotti was planning to make a film of his short opera, *The Medium*, in Italy. He scooped up the little Alberghetti, took her home to Europe to sing the soprano rôle in the strange, disturbing, memorable piece that Londoners can now see at the Academy. *The Medium* led to a Paramount contract for Anna Maria. She did a bit of singing and acting as a blind war orphan in the Bing Crosby film *Here Comes the Groom*. Then the long process of grooming began, and we saw her next in *The Stars Are Singing*. Alberghetti may some day be a name to conjure with in the operatic world. At the moment her light voice is sweet and true, but it isn't really *ready*. In her case, the Italian motto *festina lente* is clearly the proper rule to apply.

BUT one must not dawdle over the charms of Italy. There are the French girls, so subtly different from their southern Latin sisters, but more different still from the young stars of England and America. I have a folder of portraits beside me as I write, and I honestly don't know which subject to choose first out of this ravishing gallery. Simone Signoret, the Golden Marie of *Casque d'Or* ? (married to singer Yves Montand), Martine Carol, of *Les Belles de Nuit* and *Caroline Cherie* ? Pert little Dany Robin ? Baby-faced Cecile Aubry ? The tall gamine Anouk ? Grave Christiane Lenier ? Brigitte Auber, whose pictures display a shapely curve ? Daniele Delorme, Simone Signoret's great friend, married to that brilliant young French actor, Daniel Gelin ? Or my special favourite, blue-eyed, honey-gold Anne Vernon, who speaks English like a native, has worked in Hollywood and London, and enchanted two continents with her mischievous performance opposite Daniel Gelin in *Edouard et Caroline* ?

Turning to our own young stars, first and foremost perhaps is Claire Bloom, the English girl whom Chaplin picked for his ballerina in *Limelight* ; whose next picture will be Carol Reed's *Berlin Story* ; the very young girl who appeared so demurely on the West End stage in *The Lady's Not for Burning*, sparkled like champagne in *Ring Round the Moon*, and set half London queueing to see her in *Romeo and Juliet* at the Old Vic.

There is Virginia McKenna, heroine (if any she but a ship can be described as heroine) of Ealing's *The Cruel Sea* : a beautifully composed young actress who jumped to fame with her performance in the television play, *Shout Aloud Salvation*, and charmed theatre audiences during the brief run of *Penny for a Song*. There is wistful Maria Schell, born in Vienna, but known here for her English films, *The Angel With the Trumpet, The Magic Box* and *So Little Time*. Her next picture will be *The Heart of the Matter*, with Trevor Howard, directed by George More O'Ferrall from the novel by Graham Greene.

Still an unknown quantity is eighteen-year-old Susan Shentall, a girl who has never appeared before on stage or screen, but who has been chosen by the Rank Organisation to play opposite Laurence Harvey in their forthcoming *Romeo and Juliet*.

And speaking of Laurence Harvey reminds me that we have been more than a touch cavalier in our treatment of the men. Put it down to the pictures of the ladies, which carried me away. But the screen has a bunch of fancied young actors coming up. Why Hollywood has not commandeered France's Daniel Gelin and Gerard Philipe, I simply do not know. The film city *has* made beckoning signs to our promising young Scotsman, John Gregson, who has gone there to make tests for the part of the missionary opposite Rita Hayworth in *Miss Sadie Thompson* (alias Somerset Maugham's *Rain*). And it is my firm belief that Hollywood has got the bargain of a decade in Wales's Richard Burton, the pocket Olivier ; a shining young actor of great sensibility, who worked an honest, quiet apprenticeship on the British stage and screen, but had to make *My Cousin Rachel, The Desert Rats* and the 3-D film *The Robe* in America, before realising that he would be hailed one day as "the British sensation."

THE NEW FILMS

THE FINAL TEST (*London Pavilion*).—A beautifully-made film about cricket, shrewdly contrived by author Terence Rattigan and director Anthony Asquith to appeal both to cricket-fans and cricket-phobes. With Jack Warner, Robert Morley, Brenda Bruce, and a cast that is *right* all through. Funny, touching, full of common sense, and a real gem.

THE NAKED SPUR (*Empire*).—James Stewart, Robert Ryan and Janet Leigh in a thoroughly good Western (it moves with the deceptively drawling pace of the true Westerner) about three men trying to bring in a bad man for the price on his head. Fascinating Technicolor views of the Rocky Mountains ; sound unusually imaginative.

INFIDELITY (*New Gallery*).—Omnibus Italian film containing eight short stories, supposedly suggested by the faded wares on an old-fashioned street bookstall. Quality variable, quantity excessive. Best item is the last, a really naughty comedy with luscious Gina Lollobrigida, defended by Vittorio de Sica, as a rustic beauty who prevents every man in court from caring whether she poisoned her mother-in-law.

Above: RUGGERO RUGGERI. Many Londoners will remember this great actor's magnificent performance in the tragic rôle of the madman who believed himself Emperor, in Pirandello's *Enrico IV.*, produced here during the 1920's.

Left: ANDREINA PAGNANI. For twenty years a favourite with the Italian public, this talented and beautiful star has in recent seasons played the leading part in her own highly-popular company.

Right: SERGIO TOFANO. Signor Tofano is a producer, designer, scenographer and humorist of note, besides being one of Italy's leading actors. He has also acted in over thirty films, and directed two.

MARGHERITA BAGNI. Her stage career began in the company of her step-father—Ermete Zacconi, one of the greatest Italian actors at the turn of the century—and in recent years she has been leading lady to Ruggero Ruggeri.

LEA PADOVANI. The cinema launched her on her career, and in her most notable film, Dmitryk's *Cristo fra i Muritori* (*Christ in Concrete*), her performance won for her an international fame.

SEASON OF ITALIAN PLAYS

The St. James's Theatre is, until May 2nd, the venue for a short season of Italian plays with eighty-two-year-old Ruggero Ruggeri, grand old man of Italian theatre, and his company of top-ranking actor-producers and stars. The plays, *Enrico IV.* (*Henry IV.*) and *Tutto per Bene* (*All for the Best*), are presented at the invitation of Sir Laurence Olivier, by Remigio Paone and S. A. Gorlinsky, under the patronage of H.E. the Italian Ambassador. The players, who return abroad after a lapse of many years to face the searching footlights of London—worthy upholders of a centuries-old tradition—are dedicating their performances to Luigi Pirandello, author of the two plays.

Above: A favourite family picture taken some years ago of Sir Thomas and Lady White with their daughters, *l. to r.*: Lilian, Patricia (now Mrs. Timothy Sharp, who lives in Southern Rhodesia and has an eighteen-month-old son), Shirley, a librarian in Bulawayo, and Judith, now personal secretary to her mother.

Right: This fine portrait in oils of the High Commissioner is by the Australian artist Paul Fitzgerald.

Below: Guests at the official residence in Hyde Park Gate have included the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. The visitors' book was used by Lady White's father when he was Premier of Australia.

The World's Envoys to the Court of Queen Elizabeth

7.—THE HON. SIR THOMAS WHITE

(High Commissioner for Australia)

One of the sights of London for thirty-five years: Australia House in the Strand.

GROUP-CAPTAIN (formerly Lieut.-Colonel) the Hon. Sir Thomas Walter White, K.B.E., D.F.C., V.D., High Commissioner for Australia in London since 1951, has packed more vigorous adventures into his sixty-five years than any of his diplomatic confrères at the Court of Queen Elizabeth. But his staff of 700 in Australia House know only a smallishly-built, greying-haired

Sir Thomas and Lady White in the garden of the residence. They first met in the City Temple, London, during the First World War, when Lady White worked for the Red Cross.

Sir Thomas and Lady White last year made a pilgrimage to a hallowed Australian war shrine on Gallipoli. Anzacs helped to make Australia an internationally respected member of the Commonwealth by their epic exploits.

Between delicate and urgent negotiations on defence, sugar, wheat—and then the postponed departure for Australia of Field-Marshal Sir William Slim—Sir Thomas attended the unveiling of a war memorial in Bath.

Sir Leslie Boyce, former Lord Mayor of London—the first Australian to hold this office—made history by visiting Australia House after being sworn in at the Law Courts, and is seen here leaving with Sir Thomas.

dynamo by his officially published records; have only heard of activities that range from flying to poetry, politics to life-saving, interest in motor ambulances, in aircraft, territorial organisations and visitors' clubs.

But the gracious and hospitable Lady White, younger daughter of the Hon. Alfred Deakin, thrice Australian Premier, and her four daughters, know the uniquely restless glutton for work, morning, noon and late at night. The suggestion of a smile on the edge of those strong lips indicates in part the man who has seen victory, has been, in his own words, remarkably lucky all through life. And the broad forehead also gives a clue to triumphs: the will to persist. During a serious Cabinet crisis on armament, Sir Thomas resigned. He then telephoned his most watchful friend and keenest critic, "Vera, dear, did I do right?" He added: "Are you with me?" The positive assurance encouraged. The White team—it often includes the daughters—was in step.

In a few days the High Commissioner will be sixty-five, but his flawless speech, fast movements, enthusiasms, love of justice, belie his birth certificate.

Former amateur runner, cyclist, boxer, Sir Thomas was a prisoner of the Turks and Russians in the First World War. During the Second World War Australia's first pilot secured permission to teach flying in Brighton, and wrote, for the benefit of sundry charities, a delightful book of poems, *Sky Saga*. Once he was suspended in Parliament, in 1945, by the Labour Speaker Rosevear—he walked out declaring loudly: "There is too much larrikinism in the House."

During the Boer War he decided to enlist by forgetting his age—served eight years in the ranks; secured a commission. He was one of the four chosen for training for flying by Australia's Army in August 1914. A few years ago, as Minister for Air, he was shown the mark made by his aircraft at Point Cooke when he landed too close to the hangar. It had been specially preserved. In Turkish captivity he kept a diary hidden in the soles of his army boots. For a fabulous exploit he won the D.F.C. In Odessa he learnt much about Communism's less pleasing side and has to this day been a staunch opponent.

The First World War brought him to London, where he met the head of the Red Cross missing and wounded bureau—now Lady White . . . the Ottawa Agreement is one of the High Commissioner's many permanent contributions to world affairs . . . his eagerness to strengthen the links between the great Commonwealth nations will easily be another, and it will last . . . in Australia and in Britain all know Sir Thomas's love for progress in the air; he is a child of our age and one of its heroes.

G. B.

This gay party drinking champagne in the private supper room are, *l. to r.*: Commander T. Warburton, Mr. A. Yates, M.F.H., Mrs. T. Warburton, Lieut.-Colonel G. Aykroyd, M.F.H., Mrs. A. Yates, Mrs. G. Aykroyd and Miss K. Rhodes.

Also in the private supper Lycett Green, Commander D. Christopher Thompson-Royds Commander Lycett Green

Mr. Harry Robson loses his slice of lemon to Miss Sally Prior with very good grace as they refresh themselves between dances.

Pretty Miss Ann Branston, a Coronation Year débutante, accepts a glass of champagne from Mr. Charles Adeane.

This happy young group Rosemary Pratt, Miss Caroline (*standing*), Mr. Roger Shaw, Cuthbert, Mr. Geoffrey Bag-

An attractive couple seen talking in the supper room as they enjoy a rest from the dancing, are débutante Miss Catherine Lycett Green and Mr. Kenelm Digby-Jones.

York and Ainsty South Hunt Ball

When the York and Ainsty South Hunt held their ball at the Assembly Rooms, York, on April 8th, they repeated their huge success of last year when the ball was held there for the first time in nearly twenty years. Once again these stately-pillared rooms made a magnificent setting for a memorable and very enjoyable occasion, colourful as only a Hunt ball can be, with the pink coats of many of the men setting off to advantage the delightful dresses of the ladies. The York and Ainsty South pack hunt over an area which centres on York. They have four Joint Masters, known as the "Quarter-masters": Commander David Lycett Green, Lieut.-Colonel George Aykroyd, Mr. Geoffrey Smith and Mr. Anthony Yates.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by George Konig.

room are, *l. to r.:* Mrs. D. Lycett Green, M.F.H., Major and Mrs. C. Thompson-Royds. 's the Hunt's third Master.

Here, *l. to r.*, are: Miss Gillian Saville, Mr. Stephen Harland, Mr. Sandford Scott, Mrs. S. Harland, Mr. Charles Wheway, Mrs. C. Wheway, Mrs. Sandford Scott, Mr. Richard Wheway, Mr. Allan Smith and Mrs. A. Smith.

consists of, *l. to r.:* Miss Macpherson, Mr. Peter Redfern Miss Wendy Upton, Mr. David shawe and Miss Felicity Place.

Sipping champagne as they rest between dances are, *l. to r.:* Miss Dilys Jones, Mr. Richard Fawcett, Miss Angela Sagar-Musgrave, Mr. Martin Jones, Miss Ann Poppleton and Mr. Olav Arnold.

In spite of an arm broken in a point-to-point fall, Mr. J. B. Harper still enjoys his dance with Miss Sheila Davis.

Another party happily ensconced in the supper room are, *l. to r.:* Mrs. Michael Aykroyd, Mr. Robin Sagar-Musgrave, Mr. Timothy Kitson, Miss Jacqueline Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. David Ryott, Mr. Michael Aykroyd, and Miss Adrianne Ivelaw-Chapman.

TALKING OF TELEVISION

By CYRIL BUTCHER

Wanted: More Youth at the Helm

TELEVISION has been called many things: a blessing, a boon, a curse, a menace—every kind of convenient label has been tagged on to it. But we have yet to hear of it being dubbed as a paradox.

And yet it certainly is a paradox. Here we have the very youngest of the media, whose birth lies easily within the average memory, and whose serious development has taken place only during the past seven years. A stranger visiting our country would logically expect it to be peopled by young, pioneering enthusiasts, straining impatiently at the bonds of conventional presentation. He would expect it to *avant garde*, bursting with new ideas in production, writing and design. He would be prepared for many mistakes, but he would know they were only the follies of youth. Alas for his expectations!

For television is adult—hideously adult. Its technique may not yet have reached perfection and some of its programmes may descend to the level of puerility. But its people and its spirit are strictly adult. It breathes the breath of middle-age, of experience, of caution and of compromise. One hand may occasionally reach out in a vague gesture towards the unknown and untried, but the other is holding firmly to the pillar of established precedent.

During the past weeks we have been searching for the influence of youth in television. Who are the young newcomers whose work promises to set new standards, to bring new ideas and generally to set the present pattern by the ears? So far they have escaped our notice and our enquiries.

Look among the writers, the producers, the designers and performers. How often can you remember catching your breath at the work of someone young and saying: "This is something new and really exciting"?

The fault—if fault it is—lies in the general set-up of the B.B.C. itself. It is a vast organisation, and vast organisations do not encourage heterodoxy. Nor do they encourage any jumping of the queue for promotion by newcomers, however exceptional. The first thing you must learn when you join the B.B.C. is to become a good Corporation man. You must never stick out your neck in any way, never say anything that is not "policy"—which means that you can practically never give a "yes" or "no" to any straight question—and you must conduct yourself with the modesty of the metaphorical violet.

That may be all very right and proper. One must not forget that the B.B.C. shoulders an enormous responsibility in its present monopoly of broadcasting entertainment and information to the public. Like Cæsar's wife, the Corporation must be above suspicion. It could scarcely allow the television service to be in the hands of a crowd of ravening artistic anarchists. But on the other hand, this primness is no way to encourage the ideas of the young. And surely television's hierarchy are sufficiently secure in their whitewashed edifice to be able to risk encouraging a tiny rebel or two? Generally it is through rebels that significant advances are made.

Again, to be fair to those who control television's destiny, they have had little encouragement to step outside the bounds of the conventional from the viewing public or the general run of critics. We remember the imperial raspberry that was flung at Lance Sieveking for his experimental play, *This Way to the Tomb*. There were ruffled feathers all round on that occasion.

We do not wish to imply by all this that television is the product of a brave band of octogenarians, all tottering on the brink of senility. Indeed, some very brilliant work has come from two of the youngest of the major producers. We will long remember the documentary series *The Rising Twenties*, in which Caryl Doncaster so thoroughly captured the mood of the younger generation involved in the painful process of growing up. And Denis Vance, one of the pioneers of "back-projection," has earned his status in a series of swift strokes like *Holiday in Berlin*. But neither could be described as a rebel.

In view of all the foregoing, it is surprising that television has developed such a hold on the young, amounting even to a new social problem. Scarcely a month passes without a public statement by some no doubt well-meaning pontificator that television is a menace to our youth, and mothers all over the country complain that they cannot get their children to go to bed. If television is so adult, whence its fascination for the young?

We do not attempt to explain this phenomenon, except perhaps to suggest that it derives from the longing of children to be grown-up.

It is a pity that the reverse longing does not beat in the breasts of those who run the Children's Television programmes. If it did, we would have had more pleasure out of our recent viewing which, in our search for the impact of the young idea, has been concentrated mostly on the afternoon sessions. We had hoped to find a certain magic in these programmes; we found merely a dull matter-of-factness. We had hoped to find them bubbling over with youthful enthusiasm; we found them almost *blasé* and overlaid, practically without exception, with the maddening patronage associated with those out of sympathy with the young.

One of these exceptions, in which children's healthy lust for imagination and adventure was perfectly catered for, we found in Max Kester's exciting serial *Robin Hood*. Might we suggest that it is promoted to the evening programmes? It ranks among the best entertainment which television has offered; tautly written, slickly produced and really well acted.

For the rest we particularly enjoyed James Hartley's charming overture—woven out of the threads of nursery rhymes—which precedes the programmes, the *Children's Newsreel*, *The Flowerpot Men* and George Cansdale's *All About Animals*. On the other hand, we feel that a fresh approach to some of the other regular programmes like *Whirligig* and *The S.S. "Saturday Special,"* is about overdue.

A final word—as this is a Spring Number—to you who are in the spring of life, and are looking for a career. Why not try to get into television? It isn't easy and you won't make a fortune in a hurry—who does nowadays? But the medium provides a large variety of fascinating jobs, whether you are artistically or technically minded and even if you have a talent for administration. If you are outstanding in any way, television has great need of you.

Watching Brief—for the Younger Generation

LOTTE REINIGER has just completed a new series of silhouette films which are to be shown at fortnightly intervals in the Children's Programme, beginning on April 27th. The title of the first is *The Little Chimney Sweep*. Others in the series are *Snow White and Rose Red*, *Aladdin* and *The Adventures of Prince Achmet*.

* * *

There are several Outside Broadcasts which should interest you. The most exciting is probably the Worcester *v.* Australia cricket match on April 29th, 30th and May 1st. Ian Craig, who is only seventeen, will be in the Australian side.

* * *

Then there is the Coronation Display by the Boys' Brigade from the Albert Hall on May 1st. H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh is to be present.

* * *

And, of course, there is the Cup Final, from Wembley Stadium, on May 2nd, when you will be able to see, not only the match, but the presentation of the Cup and medals by her Majesty the Queen.

* * *

Do you remember Bruce Gordon in *The Man in Armour*? Well, on April 29th he starts a series of comedy programmes. It's the first time he's done that sort of thing on television, so let's wish him luck.

People Who Matter

SIR GERALD KELLY,
President of the Royal Academy.

AT this time of the year the President of the Royal Academy, Sir Gerald Kelly, is a particularly busy man for he has to preside over the annual Selection Committee and then try to help the Hanging Committee, whose regular task is that vast problem requiring monumental patience and infinite tact—the arranging of the fifteen hundred works chosen out of the twelve to fifteen thousand submitted.

So it was a particular honour for "The Sketch" to be received at such a time in the old-fashioned five-storey home of the P.R.A. in Gloucester Place—and to be invited to have after-dinner coffee in the kitchen (to the pianissimo accompaniment of Verdi's Requiem*).*

Sir Gerald—impressive head, deep-set boyishly alert eyes, grey locks, precise speech, educated at Eton and Trinity Hall, son of a celebrated Cambridge sportsman turned Camberwell (London) vicar—is more than usually overworked this year because four days before the Academy "begins," on May 2, the Dulwich Gallery is to be opened by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. The Dulwich is very dear to him because Kelly learnt about pictures there—when his governess took his sisters and himself for walks. For eight years he has been, he says, privileged to see to the cleaning of pictures there.

A.R.A. 1922; R.A. 1930—then P.R.A. in 1949 at the age of seventy. Kelly's works in many public collections will long please students—in Ottawa, Manchester, Dublin, Birmingham and the Tate. In 1954 he completed the State Portraits of King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth (now the Queen Mother). His 28 in. by 23 in. portrait of his wife ("truly lovely Jane") went into the "Diploma Gallery" in return for the document "signed with his Majesty's own hand," recording that the recipient is now an R.A. Jane, as Kelly speaks of his favourite model on forty or more canvases in the past thirty-three years, may be his best legacy. "Painting them was great fun."

English painting? "Not so important as English poetry, when seen from abroad." Best work? "Portrait in St. Mary's Hospital, W., of Sir Almroth Wright, the authority on typhoid."

How to become a painter? "Renoir told me: 'Go to the Louvre.' It is here one learns to become a painter and not in front of Nature. Nature is too difficult."

You feel it is a pity Kelly is seventy-four. G. B.

THE MODEL MODELS
They're bored, disdainful—and utterly hilarious. Moyra Fraser (*left*) and Betty Marsden wax witty on the private thoughts of modern mannequins.

DANCE CONTINUED
A madcap in a mad hat, with a wonderful sense of fun, is Moyra Fraser, dancing in her fantastic solo item.

TIME AND MOTION STUDY
Moyra Fraser demonstrates her bright ideas on how to carry out a "keep fit" campaign while travelling by Underground.

GUIDE TO BRITTEN
It's an almost-cruel skit on modern opera, but it's delightfully handled by, *l. to r.*, Denis Quilley, Peter Reeves, Max Adrian, Charles Ross and Bernard Hunter.

VERY PRIVATE VIEW
Modern art grows steadily more abstract: Max Adrian, Betty Marsden and Charles Ross are not afraid to suggest that the Emperor has no clothes!

"AIRS ON A SHOESTRING"

Opening to-night (April 22nd) at the Royal Court Theatre, which is once again a public theatre, Laurier Lister's new intimate revue, *Airs on a Shoestring*, has every indication of becoming a great favourite with London's theatre-going public. With a youthful but very competent cast headed by Max Adrian, Sally Rogers, Moyra Fraser and Betty Marsden, the show has just completed a highly successful tour of the provinces. The catchy and rather novel musical arrangements are by John Pritchett, David de Bethel designed the costumes, and the show is staged by Alfred Rodrigues.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

OUR BOOKSHELF

THE ECHOING GROVE. By Rosamond Lehmann. (*Collins; 12s. 6d.*)
LORENZO SMILES ON FORTUNE. By Dundas Hamilton. (*Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.*)
THE WILDES OF MERRION SQUARE. By Patrick Byrne. (*Staples; 10s. 6d.*)
THE NIGHT-WATCHMAN'S FRIEND. By Mary Fitt. (*Macdonald; 9s. 6d.*)

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

THERE are very few modern novelists whose silence for nine years would be noticed by more than their most intimate enthusiasts, but it can certainly be said of Miss Rosamond Lehmann, whose *The Echoing Grove* is her first novel since 1944, that she has been missed. Rightful successor to Mr. E. M. Forster in mastery of the filigree-intense story, the creation of a supercharged atmosphere by the enumeration of wholly familiar details, her powerful nervous studies in behaviour stand out against the clumsier pieces of workmanship of to-day. Here we have a new one, highly characteristic yet thoroughly contemporary, a study in the relationship between two sisters and the man they both love. The story is told in retrospect from a point of vantage fifteen years after Madeleine and Dinah parted for the last time and some years after the death of Rickie, who had been Madeleine's husband and Dinah's lover. The sisters have now achieved a precarious reconciliation, and Dinah has come to stay the week-end at Madeleine's country cottage. The book is chaos, in one sense; flashbacks and straight narrative, events as remembered by all three of the main characters, lumped together without chronology, bewilder the reader at times, particularly when one of the narrators suddenly drops into the first person singular for a sentence or two. There is, of course, a purpose in this, and it could be argued that Miss Lehmann gains her effect, but I am not convinced that it is justified, and although I hesitate to use the word affectation of work of this quality, it does come to mind more than once. The sisters themselves never quite materialise, but Rickie is a complete portrait of singular power. A dispossessed landowner who has gone into business, he is a gentle, understanding creature who loves too much and achieves too little. The minor characters, the sisters' mother, a woman artist called Corrigan, a London youth Rob Edwards, the man Dinah marries—all these are brilliant. Indeed, the whole book shimmers with this kind of brilliancy, it is neon-lit, restless and unnatural, giving an illusion of great depth, lacking something, but mesmerically readable.

ON the back of the jacket of *Lorenzo Smiles on Fortune*, by Dundas Hamilton, is a portrait of a nice-looking young man and a biography which includes the statement that the author's hobbies are "photography, writing and politics." Is it unreasonable to feel irritated, if not somewhat savage, when asked to read a book by a man who calls writing one of his hobbies? Nothing could be more calculated to put me off. Yet this is not a piece of amateurism but a soundly-constructed, breezily written and enjoyable story. It does not quite live up to its gleefully promising opening, but it does not tail away or lose interest either. A 'plane bringing home a number of men from the East, all due for release from the Army, has another passenger in the uniform of a colonel. "He had the face of a business-man, the body of a prize-fighter and the hands of an artist." This is Lorenzo, a spectacular adventurer who, for his fellow-passengers, provides some exciting times then and after their return to England. Their first experience of his gifts comes when their 'plane makes a forced landing on an airstrip in the desert and Lorenzo takes charge. He asks a bewildered flight-lieutenant who can supply another 'plane, and is told that the Air Commodore might be able to sanction one. "Not high enough. Isn't there an Air Marshal round here?" After a pleasant chat on the telephone, in which Lorenzo refers to the Chief of Air Staff and the Prime Minister by their Christian names, a 'plane is sent. This is the beginning of his outrageous bluff and success which carry everyone, including the reader, delightedly through the first drab days of peace. This is "light reading" at its best.

YET another book about Oscar Wilde, or, in this case, his family, is *The Wildes of Merrion Square*, by Patrick Byrne. There must have been more books about Wilde than about any writer of this or the last century. This one starts with his mother, then Jane Francesca Elgee, a contributor of patriotic ballads to *The Nation*, then turns to his father, William Wilde, a young man practising as an eye and ear surgeon. "His appearance was not impressive. In 1845 he was thirty years of age. He was rather under medium height. His features were not handsome, for he had restless, protruding eyes, a receding chin and that fleshy kind of mouth which is usually described as sensual. He had, however, a fine elevated brow covered with abundant hair, and in the fashion of the period he had whiskers and a straggly sort of beard. He was untidy, and even at this early stage there was always something unkempt about him and people said he did not wash too frequently." These two were married in 1851, and their elder son, William, was born in the same year, their second, poetically named by his mother Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde, in 1854. William Wilde was industrious and successful and was knighted for his work as an ear specialist, but his infidelities and indiscretions were many, and one brought his name before the public when a discarded mistress sued his wife for libel and in evidence accused Wilde of an offence against her. The story is told here by Mr. Byrne as though this were a novel, and later that of Wilde himself, as the tragic son of these eccentric parents, is related with the same raciness. I am not convinced that Mr. Byrne's journey into the precedents and past of an overrated man was really necessary, or that it adds anything to literary history, but as a story well related and a picture of life in Dublin a century ago, it is excellent.

I ALWAYS enjoy detective stories by Mary Fitt, and her latest, *The Night-Watchman's Friend*, is, if anything, better than its predecessors. A retired lawyer is called to a shack on the cliff in which an elderly night-watchman has long harboured a mysterious stranger. It appears that the latter wants to make his will. On the following day this man, who calls himself Harry Vowles, is found dead, and Pollicott, the night-watchman, rather incredibly is arrested and charged with his murder. The investigation turns on the murdered man's identity. Has he really a large sum of money in South Africa? Is there anything in his claim, made secretly to Pollicott, to be the eldest son of a great family, the rightful heir to an immense fortune? When we come at last to his story, told as autobiography, we cease to be merely entertained by a riddle, we forget we are reading a "whodunit," for this is the real thing, tragic, moving and wholly credible. After it the solution of the crime, though the actual identity of the murderer is a surprise, is a routine matter, bringing us back to earth. The Monmouthshire scenery is well painted.

"To Shirley at Seventeen"

Delight
Comes dancing
Down my lane;
Now running, now in hesitation glancing
Left to right.

As fleet as memory and as shy;
As transient as melody, as a summer sky
Dissolving . . .

From breeze-blown clouds to mist,
Long, tendrilled mists distantly
Resolving.

In arabesques to emptiness . . .
Blue into twilight, twilight to darkness,
Dark to night.

I dare welcome nightfall, for the night
Mirrors, in darkness, the image I retain
Of a hesitant prancing wayward sprite,
Who challenged the butterflies down my lane.

Richard Hope

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

THE YOUNG BLACKBIRD.
By E. Clephan Palmer. (*Wingate; 8s. 6d.*)

TO CATCH A THIEF.
By David Dodge. (*Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.*)

FAMOUS CHINESE SHORT STORIES.
Retold by Lin Yutang. (*Heinemann; 10s. 6d.*)

THE STRATFORD FESTIVAL.
By T. C. Kemp and J. C. Trewin. (*Cornish; 25s.*)

LAST SEEN WEARING . . .
By Hillary Waugh. (*Gollancz; 9s. 6d.*)
A snappy piece of crime fiction.

I'M ON A SEE-SAW.
By Vivian Ellis. (*Michael Joseph; 18s.*)
The exuberant autobiography of the composer of popular music.

THE SECRET STREAM.
By Marcel Ayme. (*Bodley Head; 11s. 6d.*)
Horror and humour and some convincing studies of children in a French provincial town.

IN THE CASTLE OF MY SKIN.
By George Lamming. (*Michael Joseph; 15s.*)
An autobiographical novel set in Barbados. It is told with a passionate ebullience which at times grows almost hysterical. Its effects are gained by stress, violence of phrase and high colours, and the author has no sense of economy or restraint.

BRITISH PRIME MINISTERS.
Introduced by Duff Cooper. (*Wingate; 15s.*)
Sixteen essays by different writers, of which Mr. D. H. Pennington's Earl Grey and Mr. Charles Stuart's Duke of Wellington are notable. There is no portrait of Bonar Law, which is a pity, and a very poor and partial study of Stanley Baldwin by D. C. Somervell. But the collection makes interesting reading.

The Hon. Gerald Conolly-Carew, younger son of Lord and Lady Carew, has a good view over the head of Miss Sonia Ellis, who rides with the "Killing Kildares."

The Baroness de Robeck, wife of Brigadier Baron de Robeck, another follower of the Kildares, brought her two small sons Richard and Martin over from Naas.

Mrs. Diana Bowly, who hunts with the Duhallow Hunt in Co. Cork, was engrossed in checking the entries with her son, Master Christopher Bowly.

Miss Ann Vos, of Abberton, Hurstpierpoint, Sussex, makes a good beginning over a tricky-looking jump on her own horse *Leprechaun*, who didn't seem to mind the straw.

Coming up from the river and clearing the log jump in fine style is Miss J. Macnaughton's *Blossom*. Trees just starting to break out in spring green made an attractive setting for the Trials.

Miss Sheelagh Fleury and Miss P. Moreton help Brigadier Brian Fowler to adjust his number. Brigadier Fowler is a well-known judge at Irish shows and a leading Irish owner.

OLYMPIC HUNTER TRIALS IN IRELAND

Nothing traditionally Irish could be complete without a "horsey" element; the Trials on April 9th-10th at Castletown, Lord and Lady Carew's lovely place at Celbridge, Co. Kildare, were all part of Ireland's *An Tostal* celebrations, and considered a great success. Some of the horses and riders are taking part in the British International Olympic Horse Trials (Three Day Event) which start at Badminton to-day (April 22nd).

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

Photographed by Chris Ware.

MR. R. A. BUTLER : For opening the gate to a brighter future.

" Rab " Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer, last week had the rare and pleasurable task of presenting a popular Budget to a deeply-interested country. In the first Budget since the war to impose no new taxes, Mr. Butler has contrived to bring some measure of relief to practically every section of the public. With income and purchase tax down, sugar about to be de-rationed, cricket clubs exempted from entertainment tax and authors receiving long-sought-after royalty concessions, there are many surprised and happy people about. Our picture shows the Chancellor at his home, Stanstead Hall, Halstead, Essex, where much of the work on the Budget was done.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO

by Norah Owen

When the sun is not shining quite so brightly, or for the girl who works in town during the summer, a most successful summer stand-by to cotton is wool-jersey. Here is a slick shirt-dress, in navy-blue finely-striped jersey, with the American sleeveless look, easy skirt and deep patch pockets. Price 7 gns., from Jaeger, Regent Street.

FOR SUNNY DAYS AHEAD

For long, golden days in the sunshine, the emphasis is on cotton, which has developed a new elegance, all of its own. Even the most homely ginghams, denims and dobby-cottons have acquired a crisp sophistication, and some of the lovely flower-prints, following the lead from Paris, give great glamour to the simplest dresses.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Studio Hanover.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (*continued*)

FOR SUNNY DAYS AHEAD

Right :
A lovely dress for the sunshine in white cotton, with enormous printed poppies, the bodice being made up of the cut-out flowers, appliquéd over each other. The skirt is full, the bodice has a black velvet ribbon halter, and there is a tiny matching bolero. By Horrockses, £9 19s. 6d., from Dickins and Jones, London ; Chanelle, Bournemouth ; and Leader's of Leeds.

Above :
Gingham, an old friend, in pink-and-white checks, makes up a simple but becoming dress, with a full skirt and ring-stole collar, which can be pulled well off the shoulders. A Corvette model, by Dorville, price £4 9s. 6d., from Elizabeth Carol, Hampstead ; and Vogue, Cambridge. The large, plaited raffia handbag is from Eaton, Manette Street.

Right :
Poplin, in a pretty shade of violet, or in other colours, gives crispness to a charming young dress with cap-sleeves, tucked bodice and low-waisted skirt fullness. By Elmoor, £6 2s. 6d., from Hunt's, Bond Street ; and Kendal Milne, Manchester. The wide-brimmed natural straw hat is from Eaton, Manette Street.

(These pictures were photographed at Roehampton Club.)

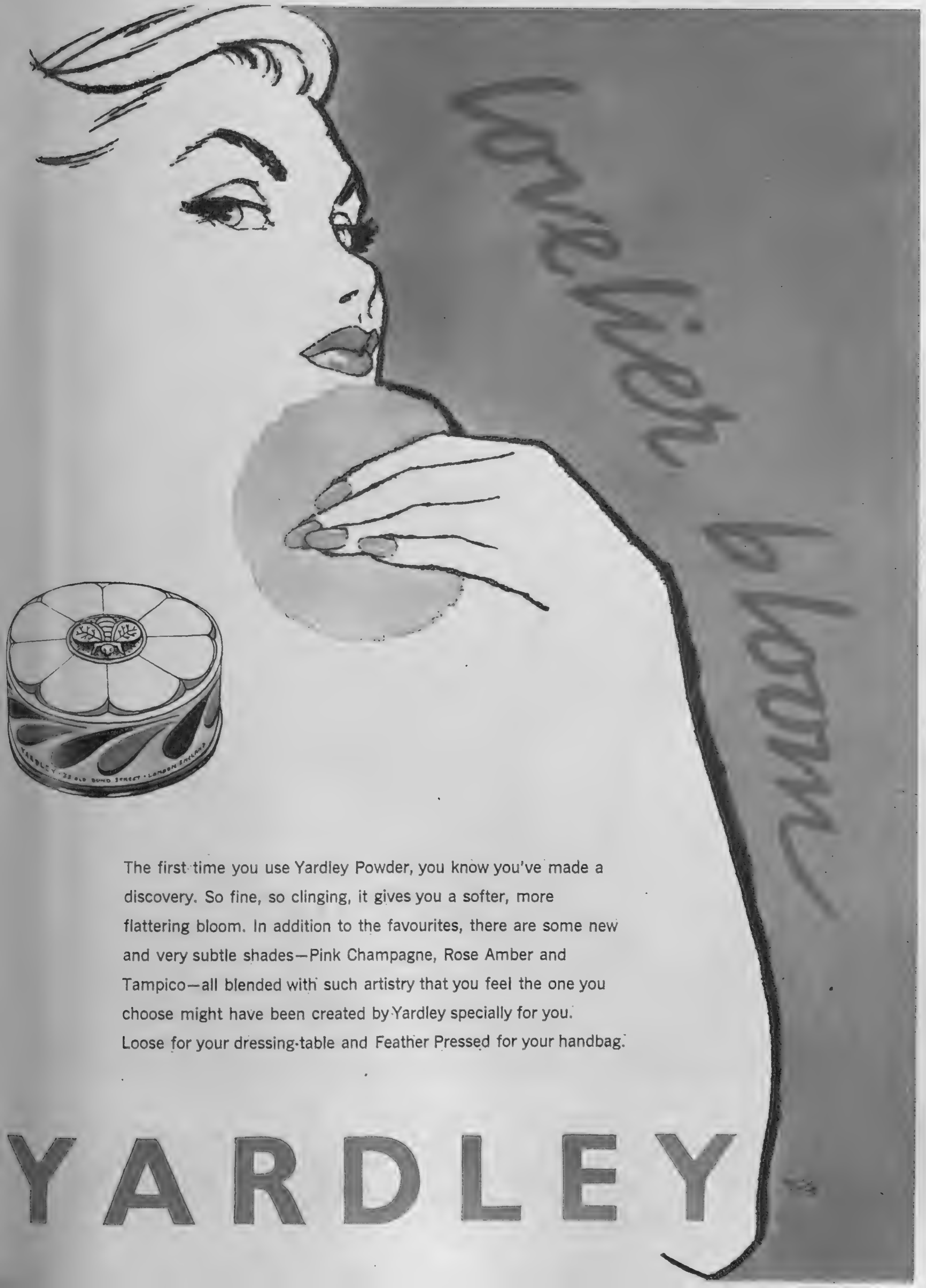
OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO *(continued)*

FOR SUNNY DAYS AHEAD

A short blue towelling beach robe (4 gns.) with tasselled cord and rick-rack trimming, covers a swim-suit in yellow lastex (£4 9s. 6d.) with a halter strap and a well-shaped top. Both are obtainable from Simpsons, Piccadilly.

Above :
A play suit (5 gns.) in stark white piqué, finished with black edging, straps and belt, is topped by an amusing boxy jacket (6½ gns.) in black-and-white glazed marcella, lined with white. Both are from Marshall and Snelgrove's Play Deck department.

Left :
Clever gathering over the hips gives an Edwardian curve to this unusual swim-suit in white poplin, which has a boned, strapless top. The long, sleeveless robe is of black Osman towelling. Both are made to order in the Beachwear department, at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge.


lovelier bloom
The first time you use Yardley Powder, you know you've made a discovery. So fine, so clinging, it gives you a softer, more flattering bloom. In addition to the favourites, there are some new and very subtle shades—Pink Champagne, Rose Amber and Tampico—all blended with such artistry that you feel the one you choose might have been created by Yardley specially for you. Loose for your dressing-table and Feather Pressed for your handbag.
YARDLEY

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (*continued*)

ELEGANT ECONOMY

The strapless dress that can be covered up for town-wear is vitally useful for summer. This little cotton dress by Brilkie is such a one. Cornflowers and roses on a white ground, with blue ribbon threaded round the top of the bodice, add to its charm, and there is a tiny bolero to give the covered-up look when required. About £4 2s. 6d., from Bentall's, Kingston ; Henderson's Glasgow ; and Colson's, Exeter. The raffia dorothy-bag and crownless sun-hat are from Eaton, Manette Street.

Then give three curious cheers
It's a curious fact that the best Scottish tweeds come from Scotland. North go Sanderson and bring them back. It is curious that for centuries certain families in Milan and Venice should have woven damasks and brocades of a brilliancy which . . . South go Sanderson.
You could do the same if you had the time, the patience, the constitution, the secret knowledge, the import licences, the travel allowances and the languages. It may be, at the end of twenty years, you'd have found a few of the treasures which await you *now* at Berners Street.
Unless you think to hang silken fabrics from your walls (as some proud lords and prouder princes do) you will also be interested to know that . . .
You choose FABRICS and WALLPAPERS together at
SANDERSON
OF BERNERS STREET
ARTHUR SANDERSON & SONS LTD., 52-53 BERNERS STREET LONDON, W.1 · 6-7 NEWTON TERRACE, GLASGOW, C.3.

Double winners

These Simpson shirts put a man doubly at his ease—with the formality of a town suit or the week-end relaxation of Daks trousers. The attached collar is cut-away style and trubenized, brilliantly meets the needs of varied occasions. The shirts are of beautifully textured cotton Oxford, coat style, with single button cuff. Sizes 14½ — 17½ collar with two sleeve lengths. In black, brown and blue checks or stripes, and in plain green, fawn, blue and grey. Price £2.10.0. We guarantee to replace any shirt that shrinks. Please send your chest measurement, height and collar size when ordering by post.

Men's Shirts—ground floor

Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd, London W.1 Regent 2002

Bear Brand
FINE GAUGE STOCKINGS
Call for the Loveliest
The quintessence of grace and charm...such beauty of form...a feast for the eye...greeted with enthusiastic applause
Bear Brand
SUPERFINE
STOCKINGS

WINCHESTER
Suit yourself with deréta and deréta will pledge with uncompromising tailoring, magical styling and a superb fabric—Iridescent Worsted! For instance, WINCHESTER: feminine to a degree, it has a 'V' tabbed collar and straight skirt, pleated at the back. In the most unusual iridescent worsted range including grey, mimosa, green and periwinkle. Also in sophisticated melange worsted rep. 12 gns.
Enquiries to
deréta
(London) Ltd., Kent House, Market Place, London, W.1. (wholesale only)

THE "LEYCESTER" SUITE

A fine quality REPRODUCTION OAK DINING ROOM in Old English Style

DRESSER, 4 ft. 6 in., with large cupboards and 2 drawers, one lined for cutlery £59.18.6

WITHDRAW TABLE, 4 ft. 6 in. × 2 ft. 8 in., extending to 6 ft. 9 in. £39.15.0

SMALL CHAIRS in Hide each £8.8.0

ARMCHAIRS in Hide each £10.12.6

FREE DELIVERY IN 36 COUNTIES

HIRE PURCHASE TERMS

10% DEPOSIT and only 5% INTEREST per annum on Balance

Write for LATEST CATALOGUE (Mail order Dept. S.)

MAPLE

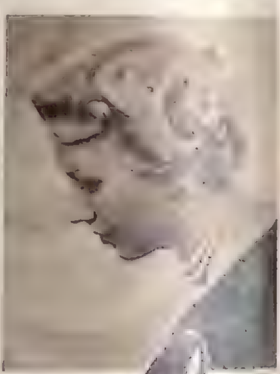
MAPLE & CO. LTD. TOTTENHAM COURT RD. LONDON, W.1

BIRMINGHAM - BOURNEMOUTH - BRIGHTON - BRISTOL - LEEDS - LEICESTER - NOTTINGHAM

THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

CHANEL

The Secret of this Lovely Setting

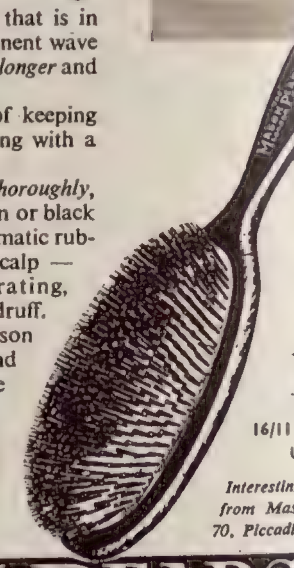


... is healthy hair! For hair that is in good condition takes a permanent wave better, *keeps a permanent wave longer* and sets more beautifully.

The simplest, surest way of keeping hair healthy is regular brushing with a Mason Pearson brush.

A Mason Pearson brushes *thoroughly*, its slender spired tufts of nylon or black wild boar bristles, set in a pneumatic rubber cushion, reach right to the scalp — massaging, stimulating, aerating, clearing away dust and dandruff.

A touch with a Mason Pearson lifts every disarranged strand into its right place, restoring the set to its proper formation. And remember—*brushing with a Mason Pearson improves a permanent wave.* Ask at your chemist's, hairdresser's or stores.



14/6

16/11 AND OTHERS UP TO 55/-

Interesting booklet, post free, from Mason Pearson Bros., 70, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

MASON PEARSON

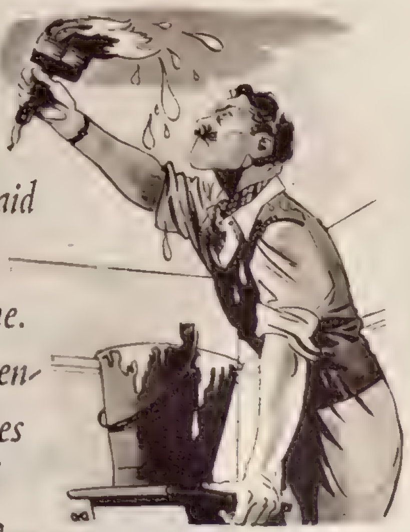
London — England

GOOD CARS HAVE

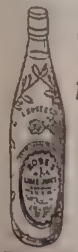
BRITISH LEATHER

UPHOLSTERY

For luxurious comfort there's nothing like leather



"Short swift strokes, said Hawkins, and you'll finish the job in no time. I fear he omitted to mention the need for goggles and a specially hinged neck... Hawkins! Can you hear me! I'm turning prematurely white! Mix a small pail of gin and Rose's to steady the nerves of a very distempered man!"



ROSE'S LIME JUICE

makes thirst worth while

LONG OR SHORT—PLAIN OR WITH GIN

LIME MARMALADE Made from ripe West Indian limes Rose's Marmalade has a *difference that is delightful:* It is delicious for breakfast, tea or supper. Ask for Rose's Lime Marmalade—in the distinctive jar.

JAEGER

for men

White V-neck **slip-over** in cable stitch **£1.9.6** With long sleeves **£2.9.6**

Trousers in finest worsted. Two hip pockets and wool taffeta waist band to prevent shirt riding up. In grey, lovat and dark fawn **£5.19.6**

Go to your nearest Jaeger Man's Shop

BATH	CHELTENHAM	GUILDFORD	MANCHESTER
BIRMINGHAM	CHESTER	HARROGATE	NEWCASTLE
BOURNEMOUTH	DUNDEE	LANCASTER	SALISBURY
BRIGHTON	EDINBURGH	LIVERPOOL	STRATFORD
BRISTOL	GLASGOW	LONDON	YORK

TRAVEL ALLOWANCE INCREASED . . .

French Railways show how to

SAVE ON THE JOURNEY!

The Treasury now allows you to spend *more money* on holidays abroad, whilst French Railways help you to spend *less money* on the journey! A glance at the specimen return fares from London shown here gives you some idea of the savings effected. For full details, ask any good Travel Agent.

PARIS
£7. 6.0 (3rd) £11. 0.4 (2nd)

*** BIARRITZ**
£12.15.6 (3rd) £17.17.3 (2nd)

*** NICE**
£14.11.9 (3rd) £20. 2.3 (2nd)

** Reduced tourist ticket (see below)*

S.N.C.F. POINTS TO BETTER TRAVEL

SPEED French Railways have the fastest trains (steam diesel and electric) in Europe —in some cases the fastest in the World.

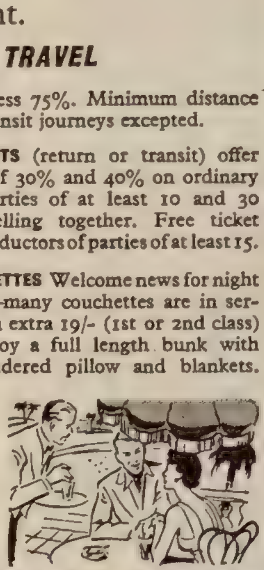
TOURIST TICKETS offer reductions of 20% and 30% off ordinary fares for minimum return journeys of at least 1,500 and 2,000 km. in France.

FAMILY TICKETS are issued for a minimum of three members travelling together. First and second persons pay two single fares each for the return journey, third and subsequent persons pay two single fares each less 75%. Minimum distance 300 km. Transit journeys excepted.

PARTY TICKETS (return or transit) offer reductions of 30% and 40% on ordinary fares for parties of at least 10 and 30 adults travelling together. Free ticket issued to conductors of parties of at least 15.

MANY COUCHETTES Welcome news for night passengers—many couchettes are in service. For an extra 19/- (1st or 2nd class) you can enjoy a full length bunk with freshly laundered pillow and blankets.

★ **FREE BOOKLET** *The exquisitely colour-printed booklet, "France", gives you a delicious foretaste of the beauties of the French scene. Write for your free copy today—a postcard will do.*



Better travel by

SNCF

FRENCH RAILWAYS

Information, tickets and reservations from any good Travel Agent or French Railways Ltd., 179 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

CVS—78

The Garden of Health

MONTECATINI TERME

(NEAR FLORENCE)

Treatment of ***Liver, Stomach, Intestine*** *and* ***Obesity***

Mineral Waters — Baths *and* ***Mud Baths***

Excellent Hotels — — Many Events

SEASON : April 1st - November 30th

Information : ITALIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE (ENIT)
201 Regent Street, LONDON, W.1
Azienda Autonoma di Cura, Montecatini Terme
and all Travel Agencies.

Spend the morning in London and then . . . *relax en route!*

— the world's most elegant train

2 p.m. from LONDON (VICTORIA) every day

ALL-IN TICKET covers fare, luncheon, dinner and dining car gratuities.

Pullman way to

PARIS

BRITISH RAILWAYS

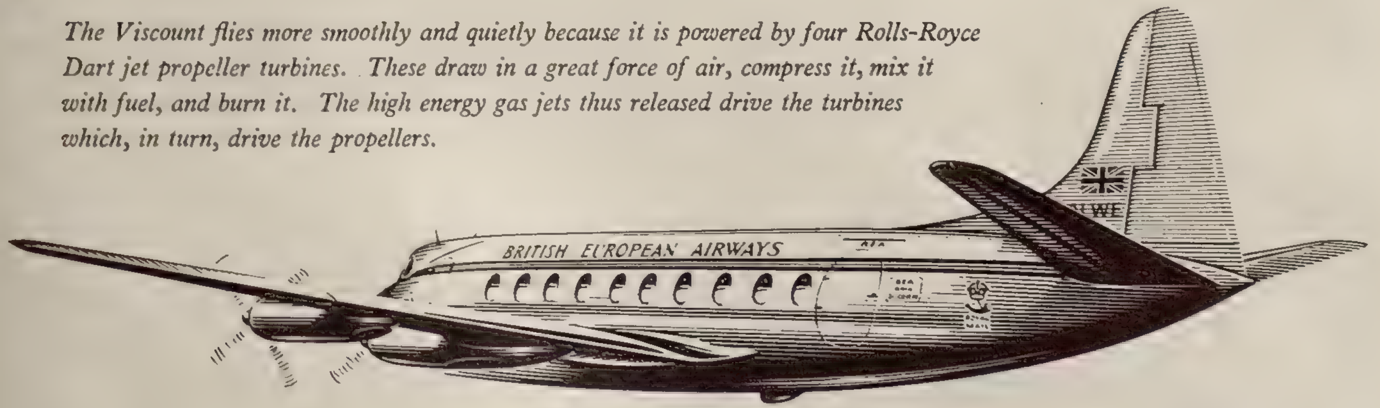
For tickets and reservations, apply Continental Enquiry Office, VICTORIA STATION, London, S.W.1., or principal travel agencies.

fly BEA

by VISCOUNT to Zurich, Geneva, Rome, Athens, Istanbul or Cyprus.

To fly aboard BEA's pressurized, turbo-prop VISCOUNT (BEA 'Discovery' Class). is a wonderful experience. The perfect ease of its flight, the stillness, the smoothness, the feeling at the end of the longest journey of quiet and restfulness—all this is altogether new.

The Viscount flies more smoothly and quietly because it is powered by four Rolls-Royce Dart jet propeller turbines. These draw in a great force of air, compress it, mix it with fuel, and burn it. The high energy gas jets thus released drive the turbines which, in turn, drive the propellers.



VISCOUNT

BEA 'DISCOVERY' CLASS

world's first **TURBO-PROP** airliner

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

At Picnics today
the New Elizabethans
crown their enjoyment with

The
"THREE CASTLES"
Cigarettes

20 for 3/11d.

W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd. TT266

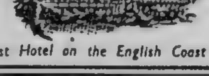
..I always stay at the Palace

I get around a lot you know Jim but when I'm at home if I feel like a holiday I always come to the 'Palace'. I've stayed in hotels the world over from New York to Timbuctoo but the 'Palace' is the only place I know where *everything* you want is provided. Bless my soul! where else will you find all the sporting facilities you want including tennis, golf, swimming and dancing with resident professionals to assist you as well—and the food, what a menu! Yes it's the 'Palace' for me every time.

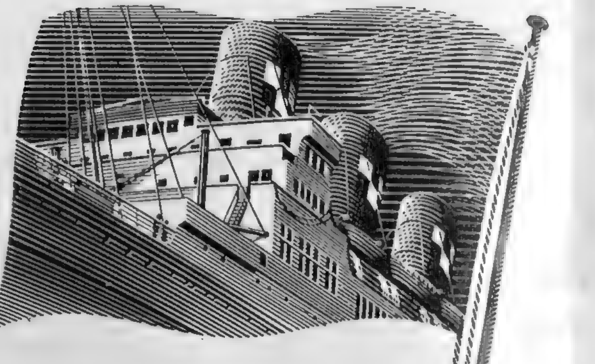
Sporting holidays or not, the Palace—situated in the lovely Devonshire countryside — provides the comfort, service and cuisine, so essential to the perfect holiday. Send now for fully illustrated brochure.

PALACE HOTEL
TORQUAY

Manager:
George Conquest, F.H.C.I.
Telephone: 2271



The Finest Hotel on the English Coast



To the New World . . .
by EMPRESS

From Quayside to Empress takes you into a New World, an enchanted world of perfect food, perfect courtesy and perfect content. Ask anyone who knows about crossing by Canadian Pacific. They will recommend it.

Regular sailings from Liverpool to Canada. Moderate rates, and convenient Ocean-Rail tickets to anywhere in Canada or the United States.

For information your authorised agent or

Canadian Pacific

Trafalgar Square, W.C.2 (Whitehall 5100) 103 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3 (Avenue 4707), LONDON and offices throughout Britain and the Continent

FLY 'SPRINGBOK' TO *South Africa*

THREE FLIGHTS WEEKLY by South African Airways to Johannesburg via Rome, Khartoum and Nairobi. One service per week calls at Frankfurt. Fully pressurized 4-engined Constellation aircraft. Complimentary meals and mealtime drinks. No gratuities. British Overseas Airways also provide three flights weekly by Comet to Johannesburg on the 'Springbok' Service which is operated jointly by S.A.A. and B.O.A.C.

• *CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT; B.O.A.C. OR SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS*

SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS

SOUTH AFRICA HOUSE, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.2
Telephone: WHITEHALL 4488

EQUATOR TO ARCTIC CIRCLE

8,000 gruelling miles in 11½ days

Austin A40 makes epic day-and-night dash

ON SATURDAY, MARCH 28th, after 11 days 10 hours, an Austin A40 completed the most arduous journey in motoring history. From the heat of the Equator to the cold of the Arctic, it had covered 8,000 miles across some of the worst country in the world —through torrid jungles, across pitiless deserts, over frozen wastes. A sensational drive. And a sensational car!

Why was the journey made? The purpose of this journey was to find the answers to a number of scientific problems connected with developments in the suspension and cooling systems on future Austins.

No laboratory experiment could provide a test like this—only an actual high-speed run from intense heat to intense cold. The A40 carried special instruments so that the car's performance could be watched and logged under the most punishing motoring conditions ever experienced.

Austin leads the way. It was an Austin that went round the world in 21 days. It was an Austin that covered 10,000 miles in 10,000 minutes. Austins are constantly being put to the most gruelling tests—and coming through with flying colours.

The aim? To give Austins still finer performance; still greater stamina. To give motorists still better Austins.

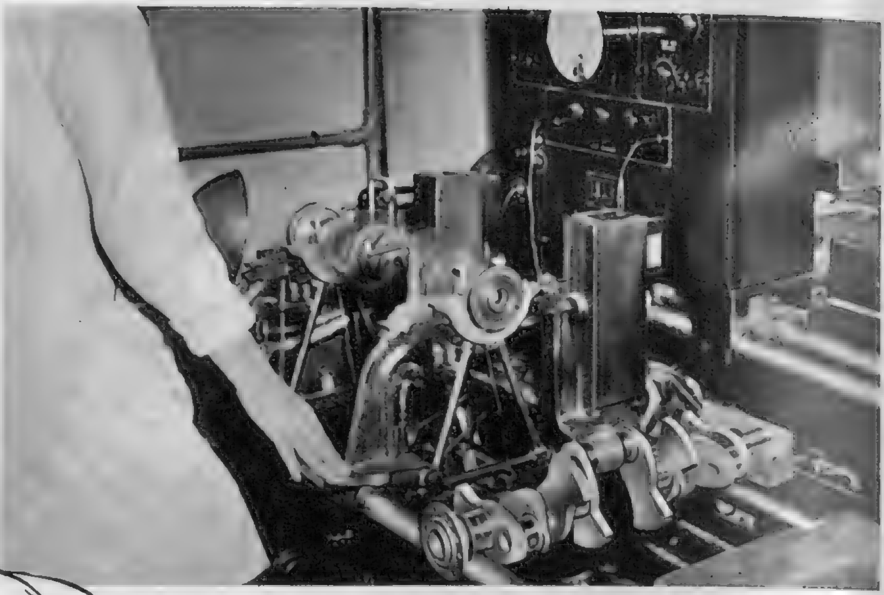
The drivers were: ALAN HESS · KEN WHARTON · RON JEAVONS

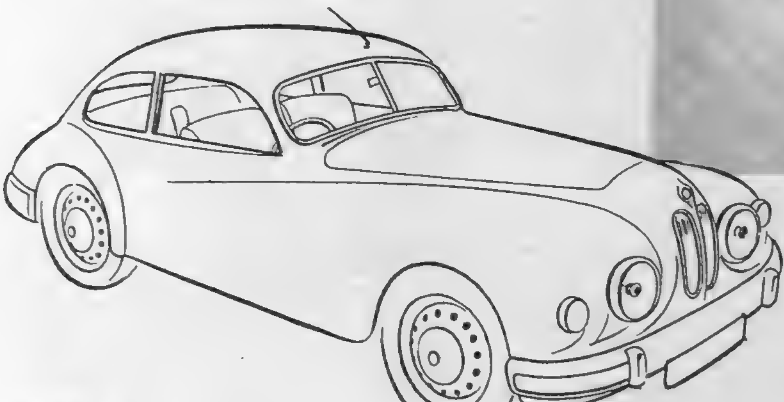
THIS WAS THE ROUTE

ANOTHER GREAT **AUSTIN** ACHIEVEMENT!

Accuracy in the balance...

By rotating a crankshaft at speed this electronic machine tests static and dynamic balance . . . electro-statically records out of balance forces . . . finally enables the operator to position balancing holes to a hairsbreadth. And this is only one of the many tests that each component of the Bristol 401 saloon must pass with honours before it can graduate to the assembly line. Suspension, transmission, electrical circuits, steering—all must be perfect. *No wonder the Bristol 401 has such a fine reputation for high performance and for rugged reliability.*

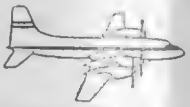




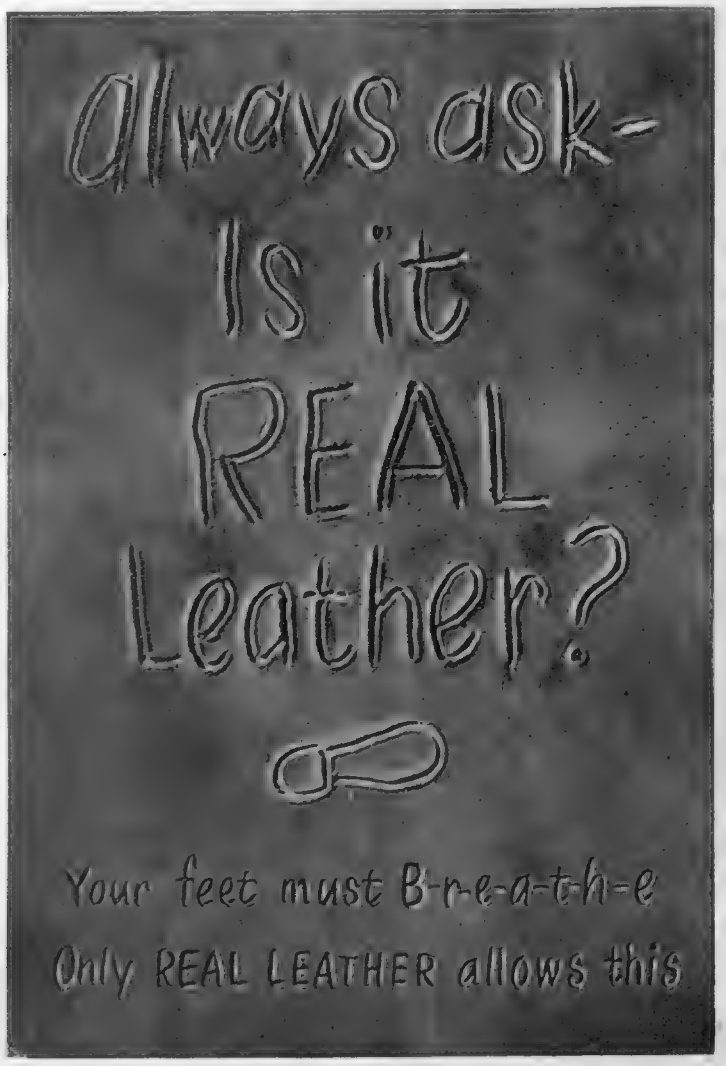
THE BRISTOL 401 SALOON. *Aerodynamically designed four/five seater. Six cylindered in-line engine with inclined overhead valves gives 85 bhp at 4,500 r.p.m. 97 m.p.h. in top, 80 m.p.h. in third, 50 m.p.h. in second, 31 m.p.h. in first. Acceleration 0-70 m.p.h. in 25 seconds . . . fuel consumption 23 m.p.g. when driving hard.*

BRISTOL 2 LITRE

BUILT BY THE BUILDERS OF THE BRISTOL BRITANNIA



The Car Division of the Bristol Aeroplane Company Limited, Bristol England. London Showrooms: 80 Piccadilly, W.1



SELLING JEWELLERY?

HAYES the famous Hatton Garden Jewellers offer you the following

RECORD PRICES

£10-£5,000 for Diamond Rings, Brooches, Bracelets and Ear-rings.
£20-£500 Diamond Watches.
£10-£100 Solid Silver Tea-sets, Salvers, Sports Cups, Gold Cigarette-cases and Pocket Watches.

VALUATIONS BY FELLOW GEMMOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

If you cannot call personally, send your parcel by Registered Post, it will be quite safe and you will receive an immediate cash Offer without obligation to sell.

M. HAYES & SONS LIMITED
106 HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, E.C.1 HOLborn 8177

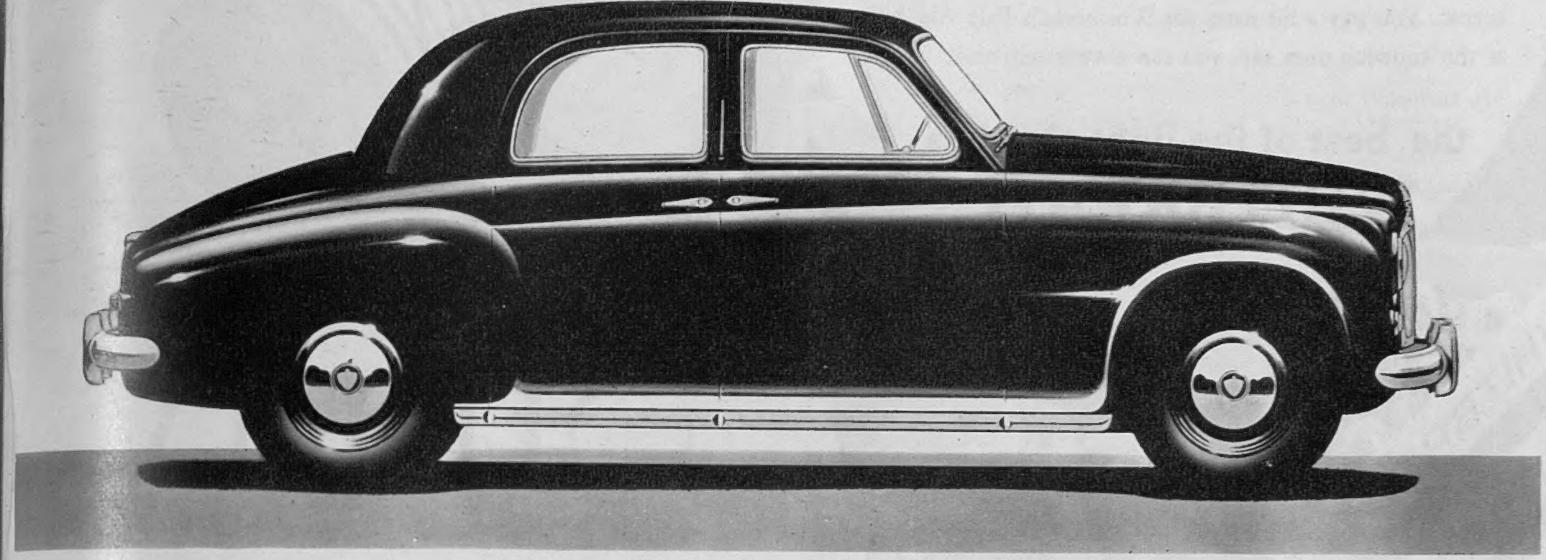
The Finest Liqueur at any time

Indispensable in:-
★ Cocktails
★ Fruit Salads
★ Grape Fruit etc.

COINTREAU
Extra Dry for England

Sole Importers W. Glendenning & Sons Ltd. Newcastle upon Tyne 6

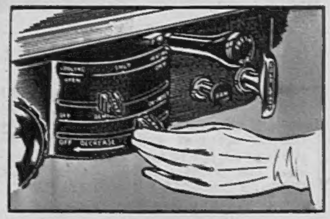
By Appointment to the late King George VI
Manufacturers of Land-Rovers
The Rover Co. Ltd.



Rover worth goes deep

"The little more and how much it is!" These words apply with equal truth to any one of a score of characteristic Rover refinements such as this system of interior heating and ventilation, all of them adding to the pleasure of owning and driving "one of Britain's fine cars". The result is a car which inevitably costs more to build, but yields high dividends to the owner in low running cost and depreciation.

The volume and temperature of the air in the car can be varied independently of the screen demister, and the operation of the hot and cold air vents is controlled by a single lever. Fresh air is drawn in from just in front of the windscreen, avoiding dust and exhaust fumes. In hot weather exceptionally large amounts of cool air can be drawn into the car.



The ROVER Seventy Five

ONE OF BRITAIN'S FINE CARS

THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED · SOLIHULL, BIRMINGHAM also DEVONSHIRE HOUSE · LONDON

CVS-200

I like my customers to be particular

We soon spot the people who go for quality. When they're ordering light ale they mostly ask for Whitbread, as you did. I expect it's the flavour really, but I've heard no end of people say how well it keeps. You pay a bit extra for Whitbread's Pale Ale but, as the knowing ones say, you can always rely on it.

My customers say—

the best of the light ales is a

WHITBREAD

WHITBREAD & CO. LTD. 27 BRITANNIA STREET, KING'S CROSS, LONDON WC1

BY APPOINTMENT WINE MERCHANTS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

Sherry

Three Star (Dry Pale or Brown), 18/-
Apitiv (Extra Dry Pale), 19/-
Brown Bang (Full Golden Oloroso), 21/-
Royal Pemartin (Rich Pale Oloroso), 22/-

GEO. G. SANDEMAN SONS & CO., LIMITED, 20, ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.4

1853 TO 1953

THIS YEAR calls for special thought for Miss Nightingale and her Hospital. Here, as Lady Superintendent, *100 years ago*, she proved herself and her genius.

FROM MISS NIGHTINGALE TO YOU

". . . do not let this sacred work languish and die."

THE CAUSE IS MAGNIFICENT AND DESERVING

Beds for educated women of limited means at low cost in a Hospital neither controlled nor supported by the State.

PLEASE SEND A GIFT
REMEMBER US IN YOUR WILL

APPEAL SECRETARY

Florence Nightingale HOSPITAL

19 Lisson Grove, London, N.W.1

Telephone: PADdington 6412

THE MARINE HOTEL
TROON · AYRSHIRE

Golf and Tennis by the Sea. 5 golf courses near by. Private Tennis Courts. Ideal base for touring the Burns Country. The Marine occupies premier position on shore and is famed for its cuisine and service. Lift. Private Suites. Cocktail Bar. DINNER DANCES EVERY SATURDAY.

S. K. VILVANDRE—*Manager.*
Phone: TROON 980.

A.A. R.A.C. R.S.A.C.

PITLOCHRY HYDRO HOTEL
PITLOCHRY

In the heart of the Beautiful Perthshire Highlands. Occupies magnificent site with southern exposure. Own grounds include Golf Course and Tennis Courts. Fishing on Loch Tummel. Excellent cuisine. Private bathrooms. Elevator. Games Room. Car meets all trains.

J. PETTIGREW—Manager.
Phone: PITLOCHRY 35/131.

A.A. R.A.C. R.S.A.C.

These Air France Tourist fares simply made us fly on our holidays this summer. Such a selection of places—Paris, Nice, Rome, Majorca, Switzerland. It was my Travel Agent who said I could fly to Nice and back for only £25.10.0.

AIR FRANCE
HAYMARKET, S.W.1

FILM THEM *NOW*

Grandparents! Get a movie record of your grandchildren—they are so charming now and they grow up so quickly. In this Coronation year you can make a wonderful living record to see and enjoy in the years to come—

with a CINE CAMERA

All makes and sizes (8, 9.5., 16 mm.) in stock. Please call or we will send you literature.

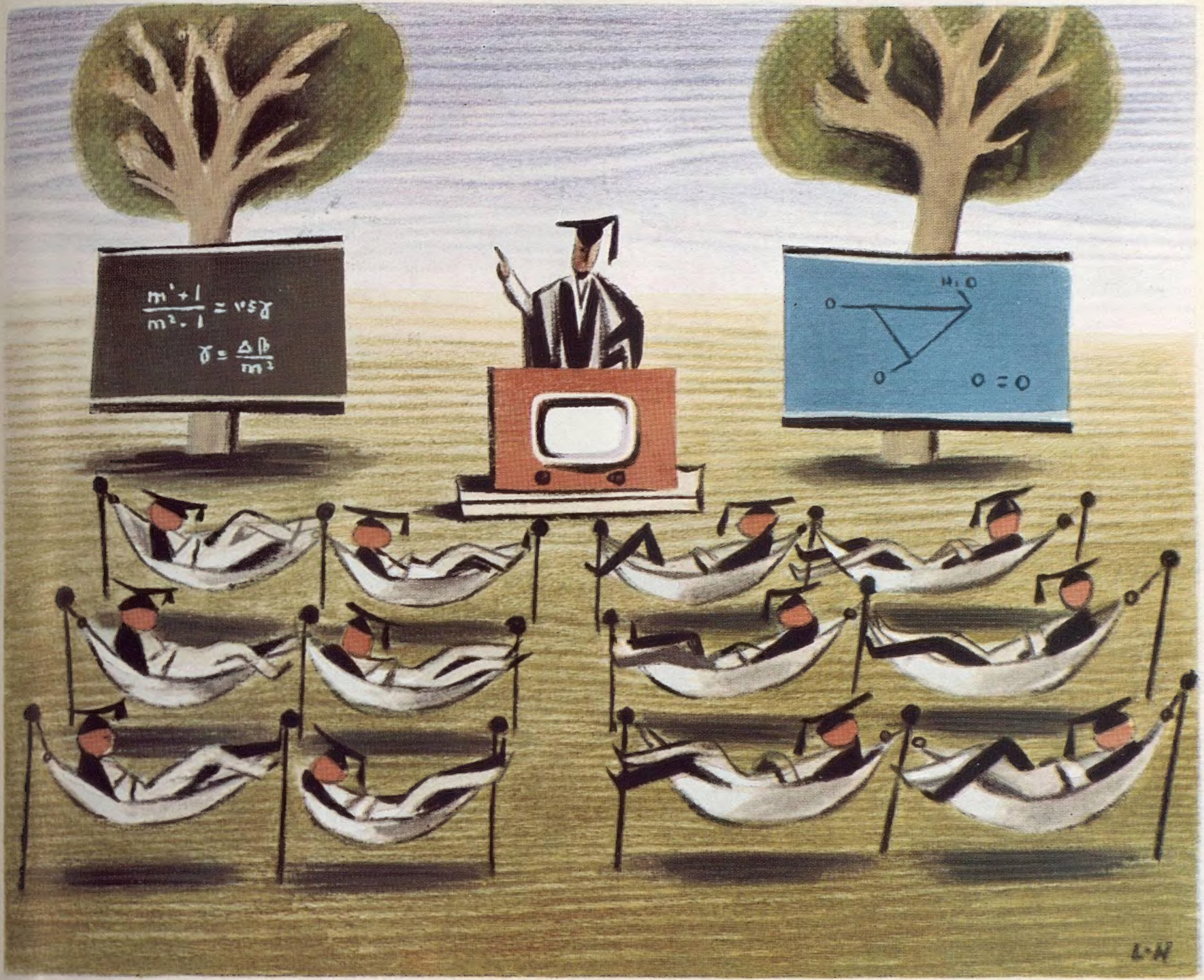
BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI SUPPLIERS OF PHOTOGRAPHIC EQUIPMENT.

WALLACE HEATON LTD.
127 NEW BOND ST. LONDON W.1. *Phone: Mayfair 7511 (13 Lines)*

Life has ' Continental ' charm at the Imperial, Torquay. Tropical palms, blue skies, your own sunny beach, tennis, squash . . . or just relax in the luxury of Europe's finest seashore hotel. Write for Brochure AV.

The Imperial
TORQUAY

The ENGLISH HOTEL in the MEDITERRANEAN MANNER

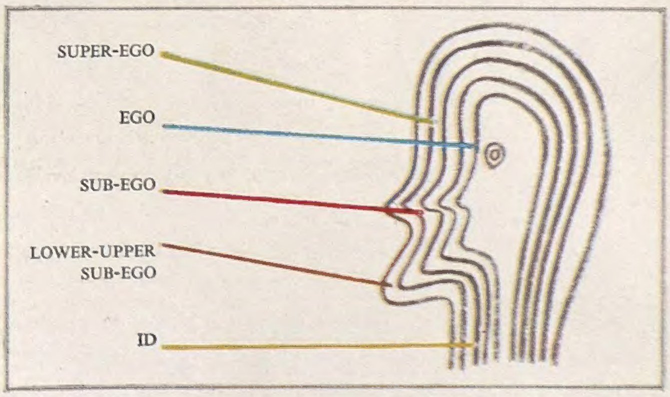


Schweppshire shows the Way—2

THE TECHNIQUE OF SLUMBERCRAM

(SLEEP WHILE YOU LEARN)

It was our pioneer educationist Monteschworri who first shouted EAT CAKE NOISILY to her infant charges in order, by counter-suggestion and general Reacting Against, to ensure stubborn silence and peace at tea-times. Using the same technique, the Youth-boss or Magister of our school of Schwepponomics begins his seminar by ordering his students to keep on the alert. During the deep sleep which immediately follows, the paths to deeper knowledge are unblocked, diagrams and television demonstrations are felt rather than merely seen, and a simple repetition, if necessary by gramophone, of Euclid Book Six, the Law of Demand Curves, or the influence of Jane Austen, is indelibly printed on the more delicately receptive under-cortex or deeper matrix — to put it in the simplest possible language — of the student mind.



Designed by Lewitt-Him, written by Stephen Potter

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Only one blend of powder is right for you

Not just *a* face powder . . . but *your* face powder—
because it is made for your own skintone . . . with special tints to highlight it . . .
to help you look your loveliest always. Enjoy the sheer luxury of made-to-order face powder;
at 9/- to 23/- a box it costs no more than other good powders.
There is a ***Charles of the Ritz*** *consultant permanently at your service in most good stores.*

by Charles of the Ritz

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Fortnightly at the Office, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1953. Re-entered as Second-Class Matter, August 15, 1941, at the Post Office at New York (N.Y.), under the Act of March 3, 1879.
POSTAGE RATES:—INLAND 2d. CANADA 1½d. ELSEWHERE ABROAD 2½d.